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No. 1

Sinner, Come, and Be Saved.

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R. E. W.

R. E. WINSETT.

1. Sin - ner, come to the foan-tain of life flowing free, There is mer - cy and
 2. Will you come to the Lord and be saved from your sin? Come, con-fess-ing thy
 3. There's no way to be clean but in this crimson flow; Tho' your sins may be
 4. Should the end come just now and your life work was done, Are you read - y for

par - don for all; Je - sus died on the cross, paid the debt there for thee,
 guilt and be - lieve; Je - sus knocks at your door, will you now let Him in?
 as scar - let red, Oh, the pow'r in this blood will make you white as snow,
 that fi - nal day? Would you hear the Judge say, "Come, ye bless-ed, welcome!"

D. S.—Soon the call will be past, and your die will be cast—

FINE. REFRAIN.

And redeemed thy poor soul from the fall. Sin - ner, come, and be
 O - pen wide your heart's door and receive.
 And your soul will on man - na be fed.
 Or, "From me ev - er de - part a - way." Sinner, come, will you come and be
 Come to Je - sus while yet there is room.

D. S.
 saved, Lest you seal your sad doom;
 saved, tru - ly saved, Lest you seal, ev - er seal your sad doom, aw - ful doom;

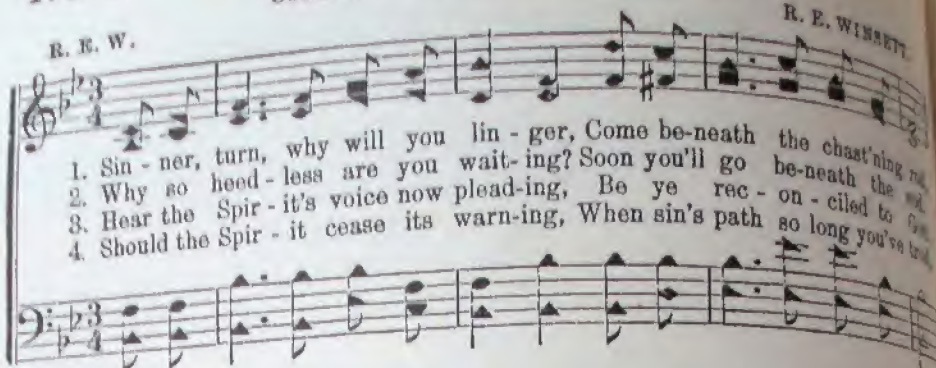
No. 2.

O Prepare to Meet Thy God.

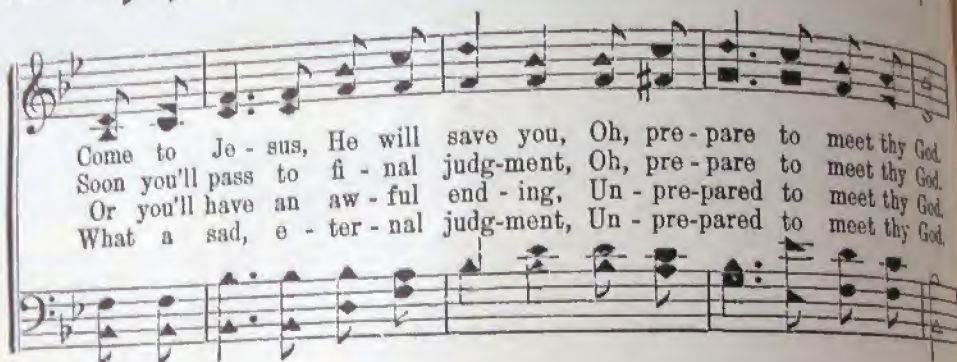
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R. E. W.

R. E. WINSETT

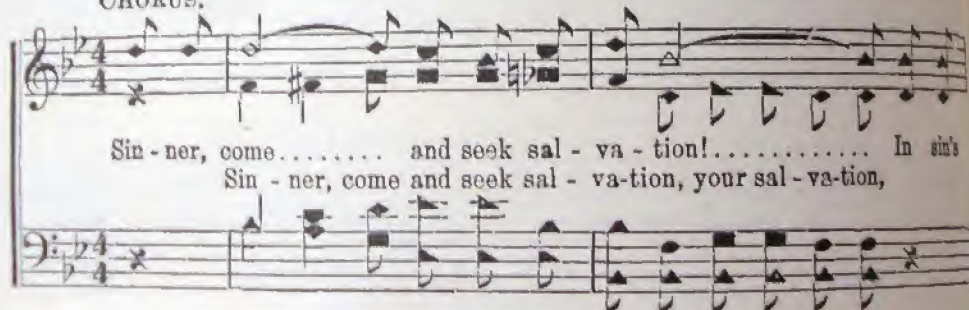


1. Sin - ner, turn, why will you lin - ger, Come be - neath the chaat'ning rod,
 2. Why so heed - less are you wait - ing? Soon you'll go be - neath the rod,
 3. Hear the Spir - it's voice now plead - ing, Be ye rec - on - ciled to God,
 4. Should the Spir - it cease its warn - ing, When sin's path so long you've trod,

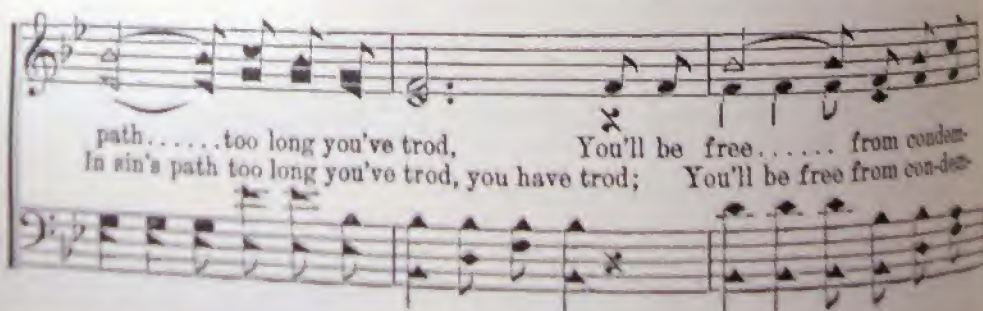


Come to Je - sus, He will save you, Oh, pre - pare to meet thy God.
 Soon you'll pass to fi - nal judg - ment, Oh, pre - pare to meet thy God.
 Or you'll have an aw - ful end - ing, Un - pre - pared to meet thy God.
 What a sad, e - ter - nal judg - ment, Un - pre - pared to meet thy God.

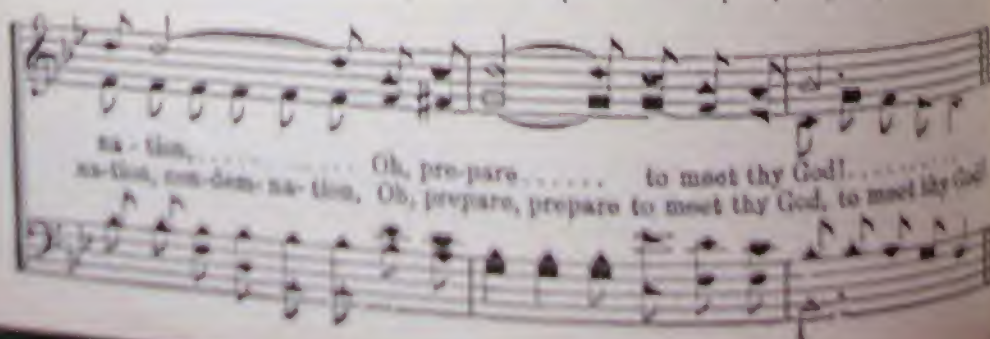
CHORUS.



Sin - ner, come..... and seek sal - va - tion!..... In sin's
 Sin - ner, come and seek sal - va - tion, your sal - va - tion,



path.....too long you've trod, You'll be free..... from con - dem -
 In sin's path too long you've trod, you have trod; You'll be free from con - dem -



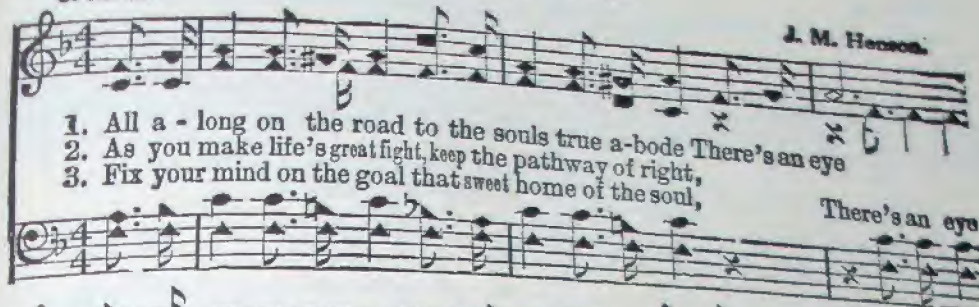
na - tion,..... Oh, pre - pare..... to meet thy God!.....
 na - tion, con - dem - na - tion, Oh, prepare, prepare to meet thy God, to meet thy God!

NO. 3.

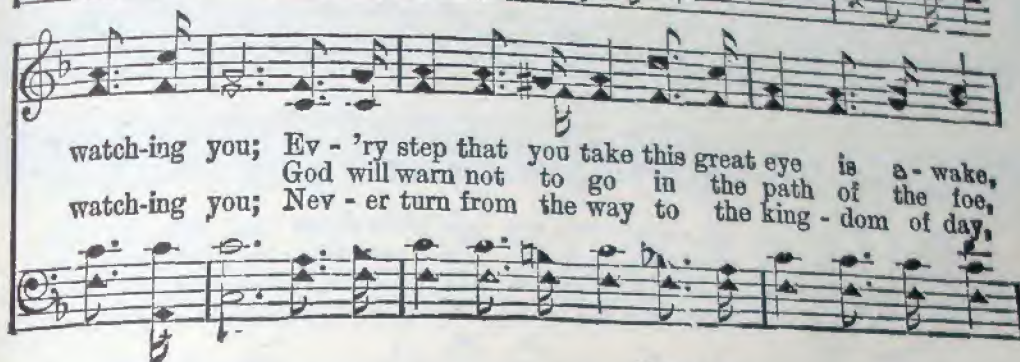
J. M. H.

Watching You.

J. M. Hennessy



1. All a - long on the road to the souls true a-bode There's an eye
 2. As you make life's great fight, keep the pathway of right,
 3. Fix your mind on the goal that sweet home of the soul,

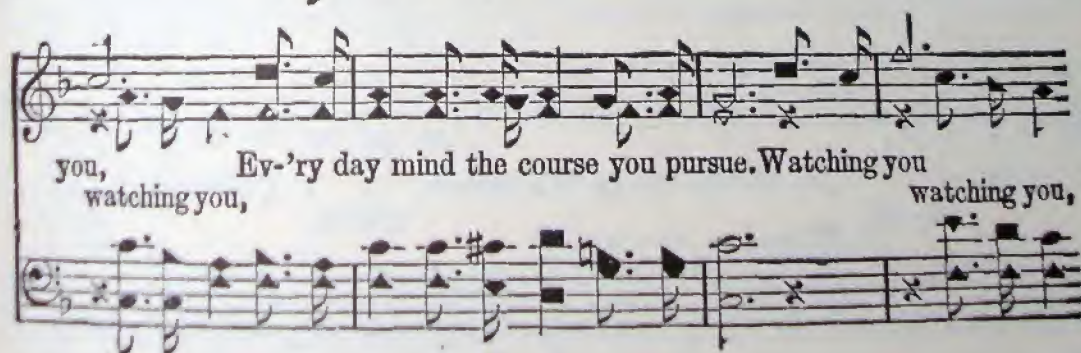


watch-ing you; Ev - 'ry step that you take this great eye is a - wake,
 God will warn not to go in the path of the foe,
 watch-ing you; Nev - er turn from the way to the king - dom of day,

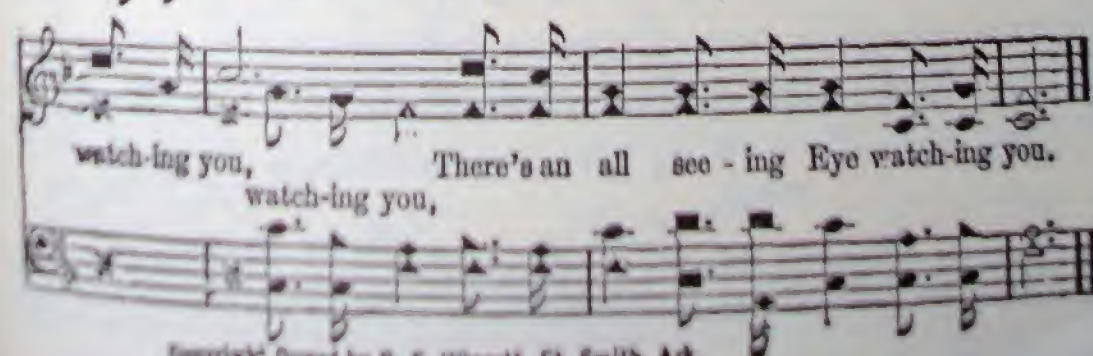
REFRAIN.



There's an eye watching you. Watching you, watch-ing
 There's an eye watching you, Watching you,



you, Ev-'ry day mind the course you pursue. Watching you
 watching you, watching you,



watch-ing you, There's an all see - ing Eye watch-ing you.
 watch-ing you,

No. 4

I'll Live On.

Written after hearing a sermon by the eloquent S. L. Pruett during the great revival at the M. E. Church, Eulaton, Ala., August, 1914.

T. J. L.

THOS. J. LANNEY.

1. 'Tis a sweet and glorious tho't that comes to me, I'll live on.....
2. When my bod - y's slumb'ring in the cold, cold clay,
3. When the worlds on fire, and dark-ness veils the sun,
4. In the glo - ry land with Je - sus on the throne,

I'll live on,

Yes I'll live on, Je - sus saved my soul from death and now I'm free,
 Yes, I'll live on, There to sleep in Je - sus till the judg-ment day,
 Yes, I'll live on, Men will cry and to the rocks and moun-tains run,
 Yes, I'll live on, For e - ter - nal a - ges sing - ing home sweet home,

REFRAIN.

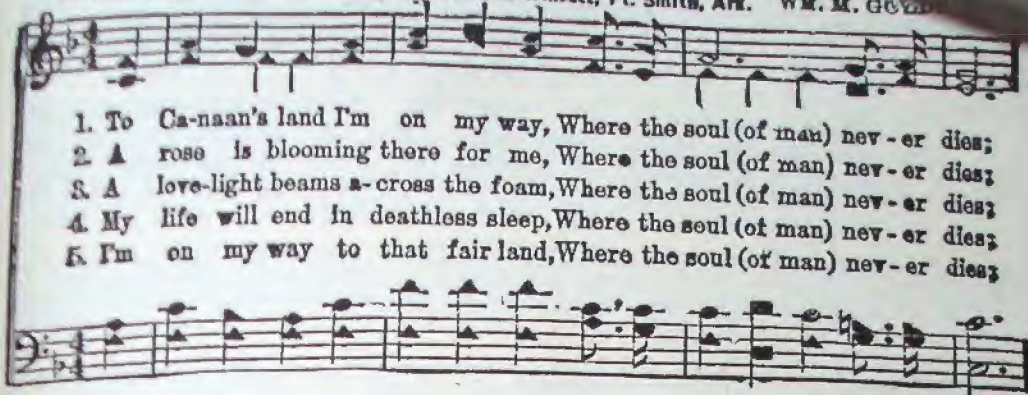
I'll live on,..... yes, I'll live on, I'll live on,..... yes, I'll live
 on, on,

on, on In e - ter - ni - ty I'll live on, I'll live on,.....
 on, on and on, on, on

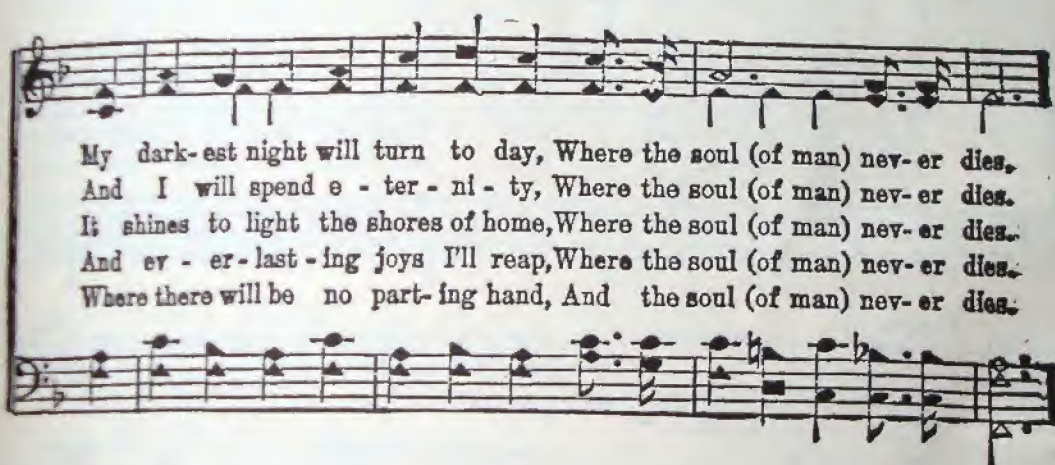
Yes, I'll live on, and on, In e - ter - ni - ty I'll live on. yes, I'll live on.

5. Where the Soul Never Dies

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 Wm. M. GOLDEN Copyright Owned by R. E. Winsatt, Ft. Smith, Ark. Wm. M. GOLDEN

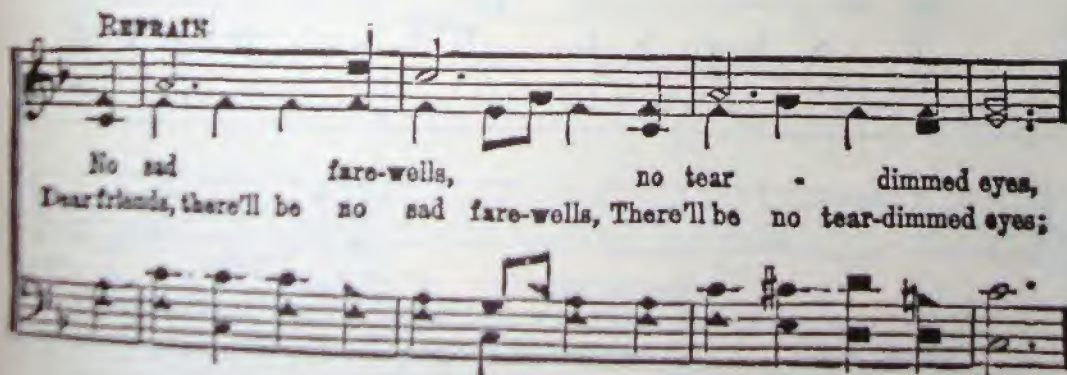


1. To Ca-naan's land I'm on my way, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies;
 2. A rose is blooming there for me, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies;
 3. A love-light beams a-cross the foam, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies;
 4. My life will end in deathless sleep, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies;
 5. I'm on my way to that fair land, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies;

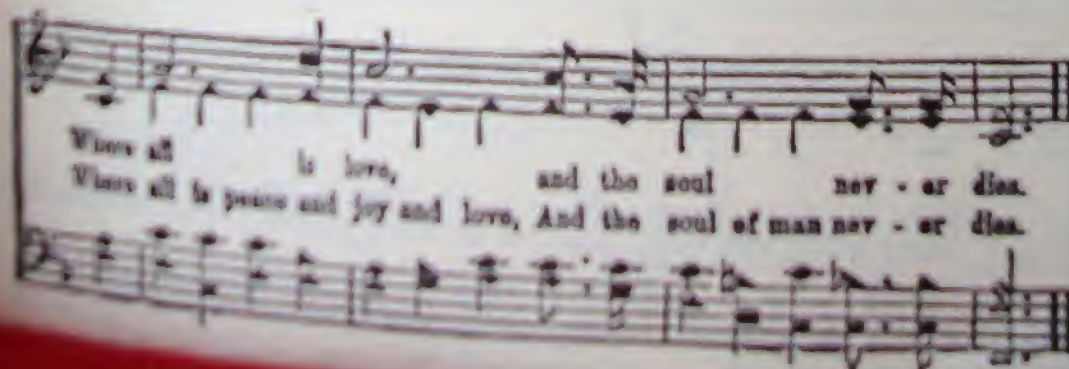


My dark-est night will turn to day, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies,
 And I will spend e-ter-ni-ty, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies.
 It shines to light the shores of home, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies.
 And ev-er-last-ing joys I'll reap, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies.
 Where there will be no part-ing hand, And the soul (of man) nev-er dies.

REFRAIN



No sad fare-wells, no tear - dimmed eyes,
 Dear friends, there'll be no sad fare-wells, There'll be no tear-dimmed eyes;



Where all is love, and the soul nev-er dies.
 Where all is peace and joy and love, And the soul of man nev-er dies.

No. 6

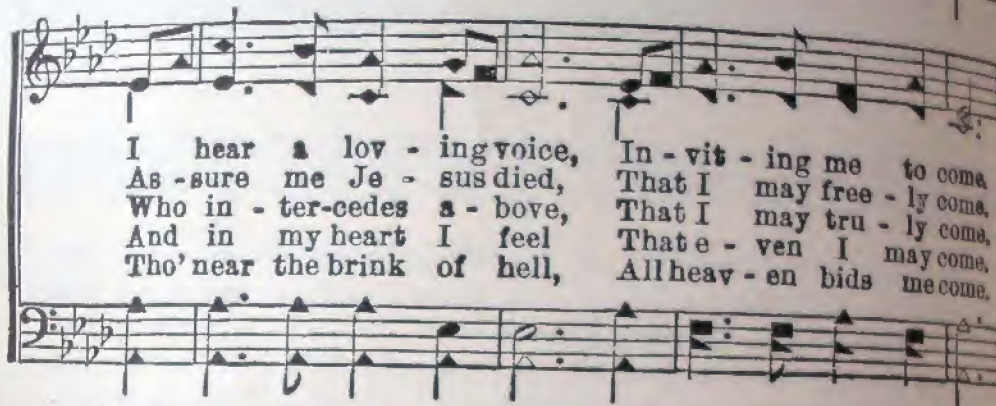
Whosoever Will.

Rev. 22:17.

D. S. WARNER.

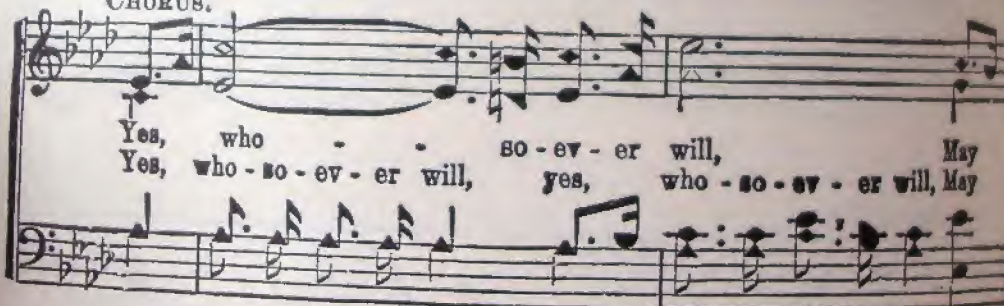
Alt. by R. E. WINSSETT.
B. E. WARREN. By per.


1. Oh, why should I be lost? So care-less meet my doom?
 2. The Spir-it and the bride, And an-gels round the throne,
 3. I know that God is love, He free-ly gave His Son,
 4. I hear the strong ap-peal From my Redeemer's throne,
 5. Yes, who-so-ev-er will, Thy word, O Lord, I own;



I hear a lov-ing voice, In-vit-ing me to come.
 As-sure me Je-sus died, That I may free-ly come.
 Who in-ter-cedes a-bove, That I may tru-ly come.
 And in my heart I feel That e-ven I may come.
 Tho' near the brink of hell, All heav-en bids me come.

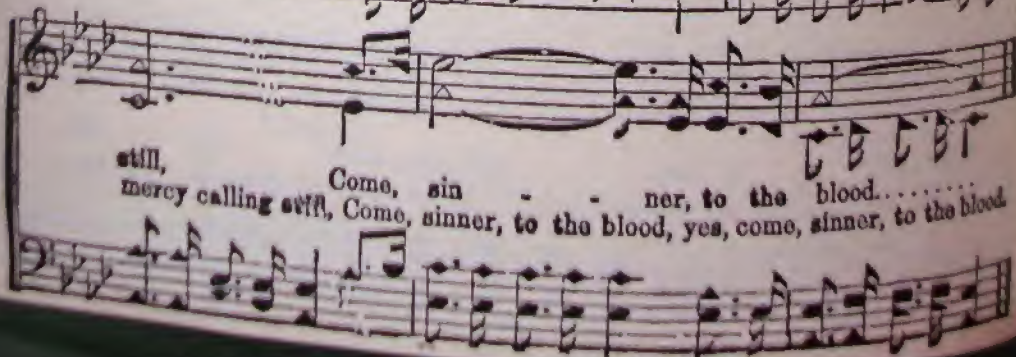
CHORUS.



Yes, who so-ev-er will, May
 Yes, who-so-ev-er will, yes, who-so-ev-er will, May



free-ly come to God; 'Tis mer-cy calling
 freely come to God, yes, may freely come to God; 'Tis mercy calling still, it is

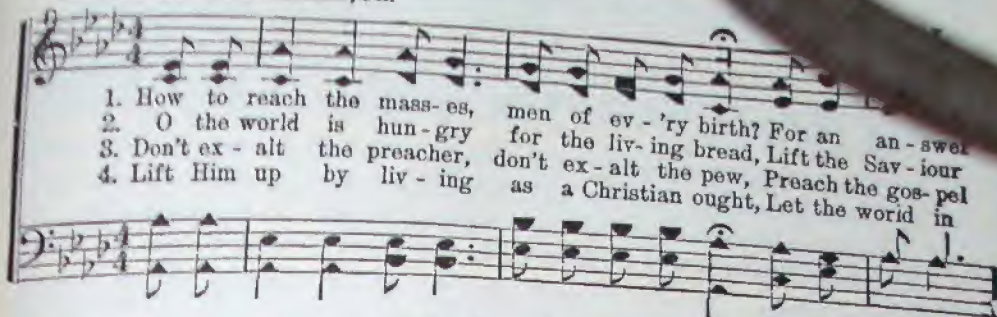


still, Come, sin-ner, to the blood.....
 mercy calling still, Come, sinner, to the blood, yes, come, sinner, to the blood.

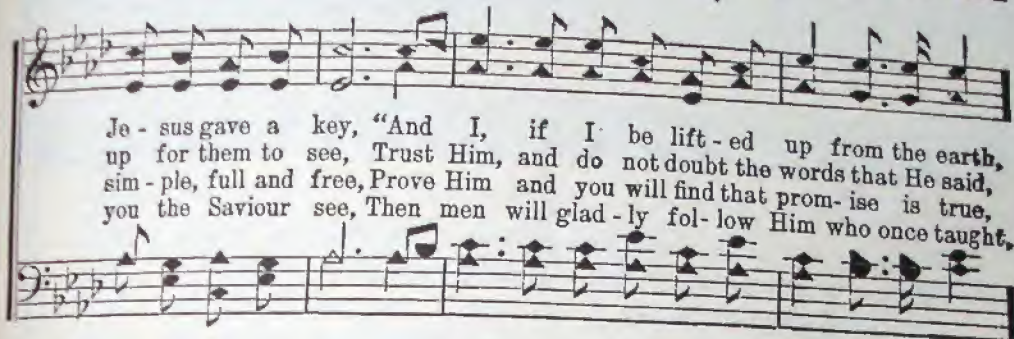
No. 7

Lift Him Up.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.



1. How to reach the mass-es, men of ev-'ry birth? For an an-swer
 2. O the world is hun-gry for the liv-ing bread, Lift the Sav-iour
 3. Don't ex-alt the preacher, don't ex-alt the pew, Preach the gos-pel
 4. Lift Him up by liv-ing as a Christian ought, Let the world in

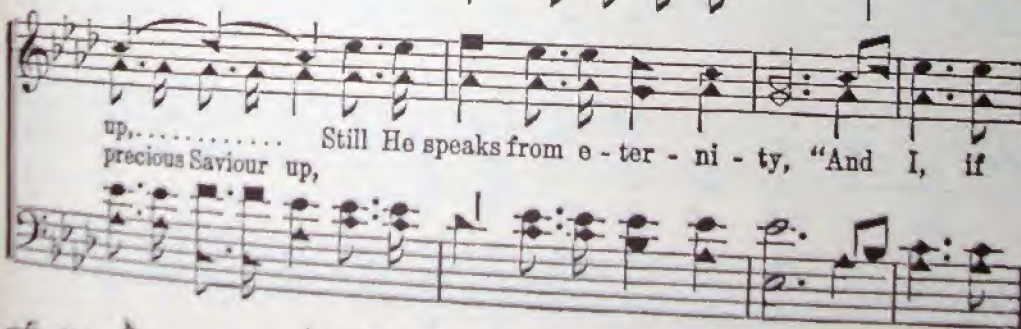


Je-sus gave a key, "And I, if I be lift-ed up from the earth,
 up for them to see, Trust Him, and do not doubt the words that He said,
 sim-ple, full and free, Prove Him and you will find that prom-ise is true,
 you the Saviour see, Then men will glad-ly fol-low Him who once taught,

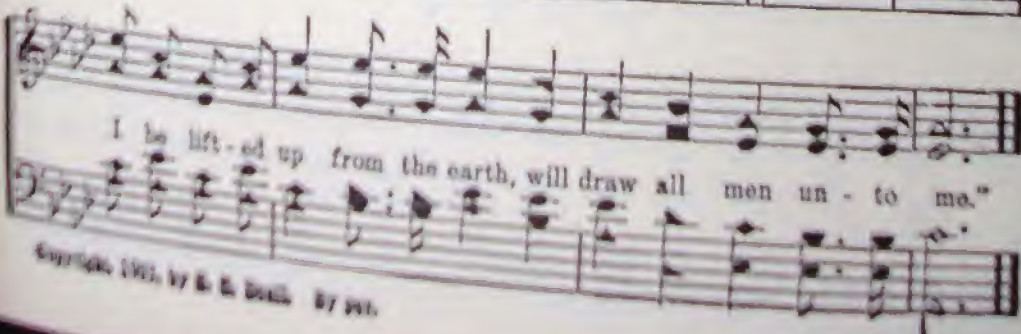
REFRAIN.



Will draw all men un-to me." Lift Him up, Lift Him
 "I'll draw all men un-to me."
 "I'll draw all men un-to me."
 "I'll draw all men un-to me." Lift the pre-cious Sav-iour up, Lift the



up..... Still He speaks from e-ter-ni-ty, "And I, if
 precious Saviour up,



I be lift-ed up from the earth, will draw all men un-to me."

No. 8

Joy Unspeakable.

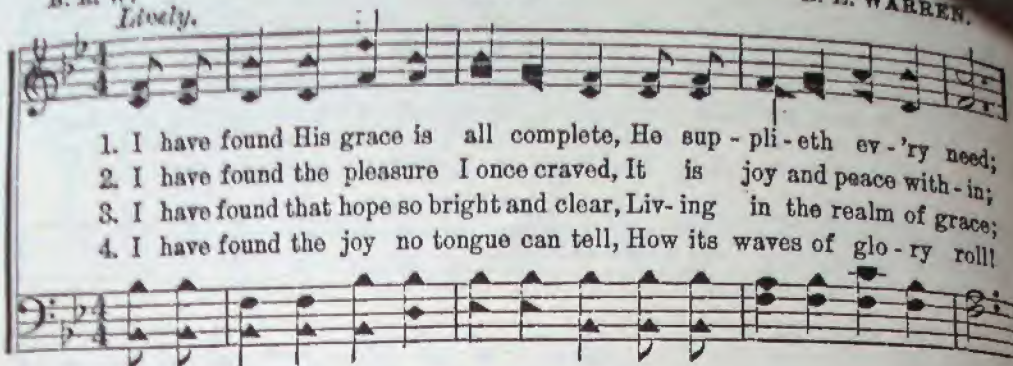
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B. E. W.

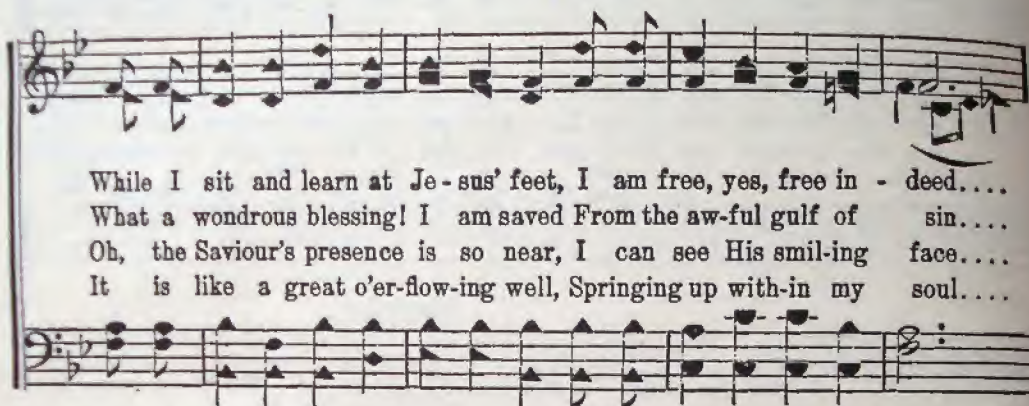
1 Pet. 1: 8.

B. E. WARREN.

Andante.

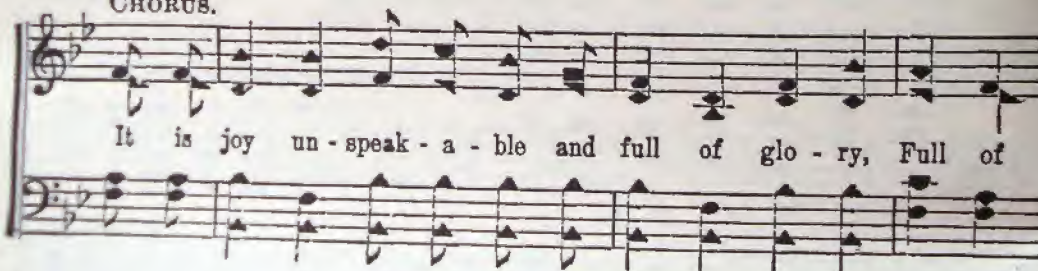


1. I have found His grace is all complete, He sup - pli - eth ev - 'ry need;
 2. I have found the pleasure I once craved, It is joy and peace with - in;
 3. I have found that hope so bright and clear, Liv - ing in the realm of grace;
 4. I have found the joy no tongue can tell, How its waves of glo - ry roll!

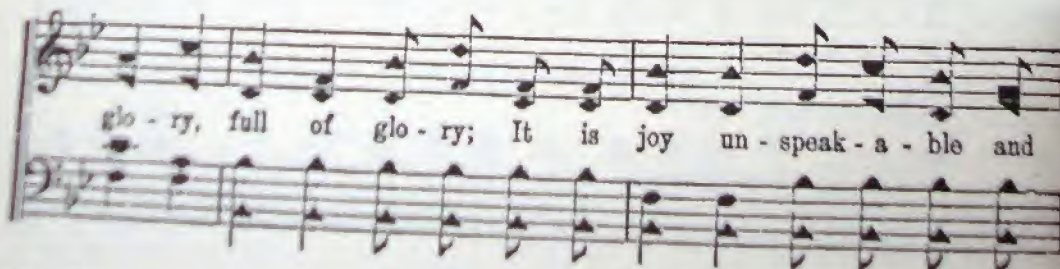


While I sit and learn at Je - sus' feet, I am free, yes, free in - deed....
 What a wondrous blessing! I am saved From the aw - ful gulf of sin....
 Oh, the Saviour's presence is so near, I can see His smil - ing face....
 It is like a great o'er - flow - ing well, Springing up with - in my soul....

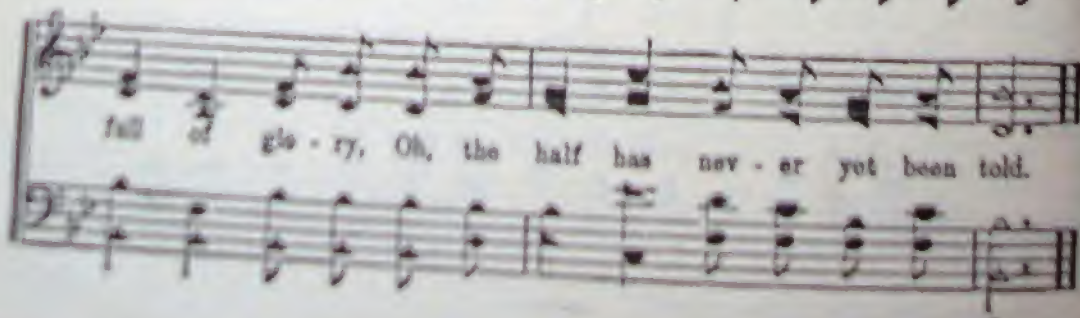
CHORUS.



It is joy un - speak - a - ble and full of glo - ry, Full of



glo - ry, full of glo - ry; It is joy un - speak - a - ble and



full of glo - ry, Oh, the half has nev - er yet been told.

No. 9

The Spirit Pleads.

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James Rowe.

R. E. Winsett.

1. The Spir - it pleads a - gain with you, Why will you still in darkness roam?
 2. The Spir - it pleads, O sin - ner hear, And have your burden rolled a - way;
 3. The Spir - it pleads, don't wait too long Lest you at last, may cry "too late!"
 4. Life's day is pass - ing swift - ly by, Soon you will see the twilight's gloam;

That Je - sus may your soul re - new, O wayward one, come home, come home.
 Oh, love and trust the Sav - ior dear Who waits to par - don you to - day.
 Come, join to - day the pilgrim throng While o - pen wide is mer - cy's gate.
 For par - don now to Je - sus cry, O wayward one, come home, come home.

D. S. — Give God your heart come home come home.

REFRAIN.

Come home to - day, be saved from sin,
 Come home to - day, be saved from sin,

Let Je - sus make you pure with - in;
 Let Je - sus make you pure with - in;

D. S.

Don't risk your soul, no lon - ger roam,
 Don't risk your soul, no lon - ger roam,

The One Hundred and One Best Songs

Revised Edition



Published by

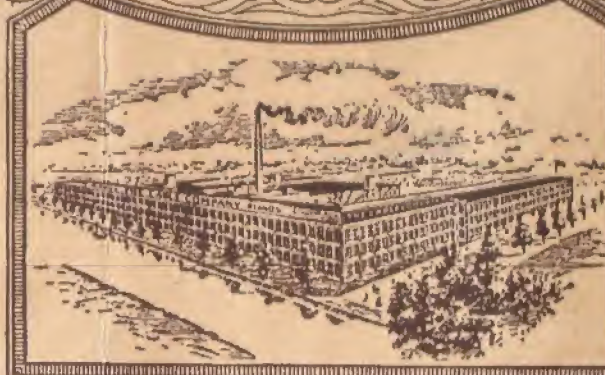
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The Star-Spangled Banner.

(Service Version.)

Francis Scott Key. Prepared for the Army and Navy song and band books, and for School and Community singing, by a Committee of 12. John Stafford Smith.

f With spirit. (♩ = 104)

1. O say! can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty
3. O thus be it ev-er when free-men shall stand Be-tween their lov'd

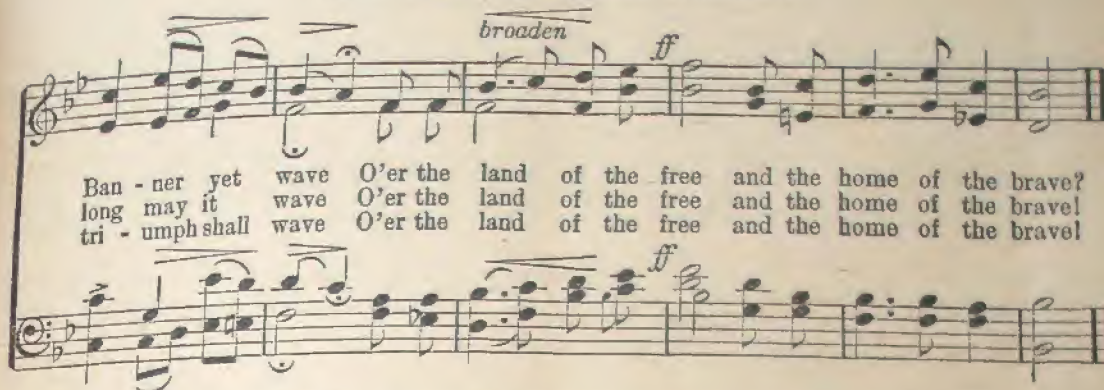
hail'd at the twi-light's last gleam-ing? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si-lence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
homes and the war's des-o-la-tion! Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the

per-il-ous fight, O'er the ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly
tow-er-ing steep, As it fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-
Heav'n-res-cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us, a

mf
streaming? And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave
clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full
na-tion! Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just, And

CHORUS. *f* (♩ = 96)
proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. O say, does that Star-span-gled
glo-ry re-lect-ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the Star-span-gled Ban-ner: O
this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the Star-span-gled Ban-ner in

The Star-Spangled Banner.



broaden *ff*

Ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
 long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
 tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

*The Star-Spangled Banner—Service Version.

The great growth of community singing, and the systematic introduction of mass singing as a factor in the training of the American army, brought into prominence the fact that there has never been an authorized official version of our national anthem. Probably this accounts for the many variations in printed and sung versions. In an effort to bring about greater unity, a representative committee worked for almost a year on this Service Version with the hope that it might be widely used. The Committee of Twelve was composed of the following members: John A. Carpenter, Frederick S. Converse, Wallace Goodrich, W. R. Spalding, representing the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities; Hollis E. Dann, Peter W. Dykema, Osbourne McConathy, representing the Music Supervisors' National Conference; C. C. Birchard, Carl Engel, W. A. Fisher, Arthur Johnstone, E. W. Newton, representing Music Publishers. In their conferences, the Committee were agreed, as a fundamental point of departure, that the Star-Spangled Banner was to be regarded as a "folk song" and that therefore their efforts should be directed to determining what is the present commonly accepted version of the American people rather than to endeavoring to establish the authentic and original version from the historic standpoint. This principle led to a unanimous agreement regarding the version of the melody and the greater part of the harmony. Details concerning the deliberations of the Committee may be obtained from the Chairman, Peter W. Dykema, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin.

3

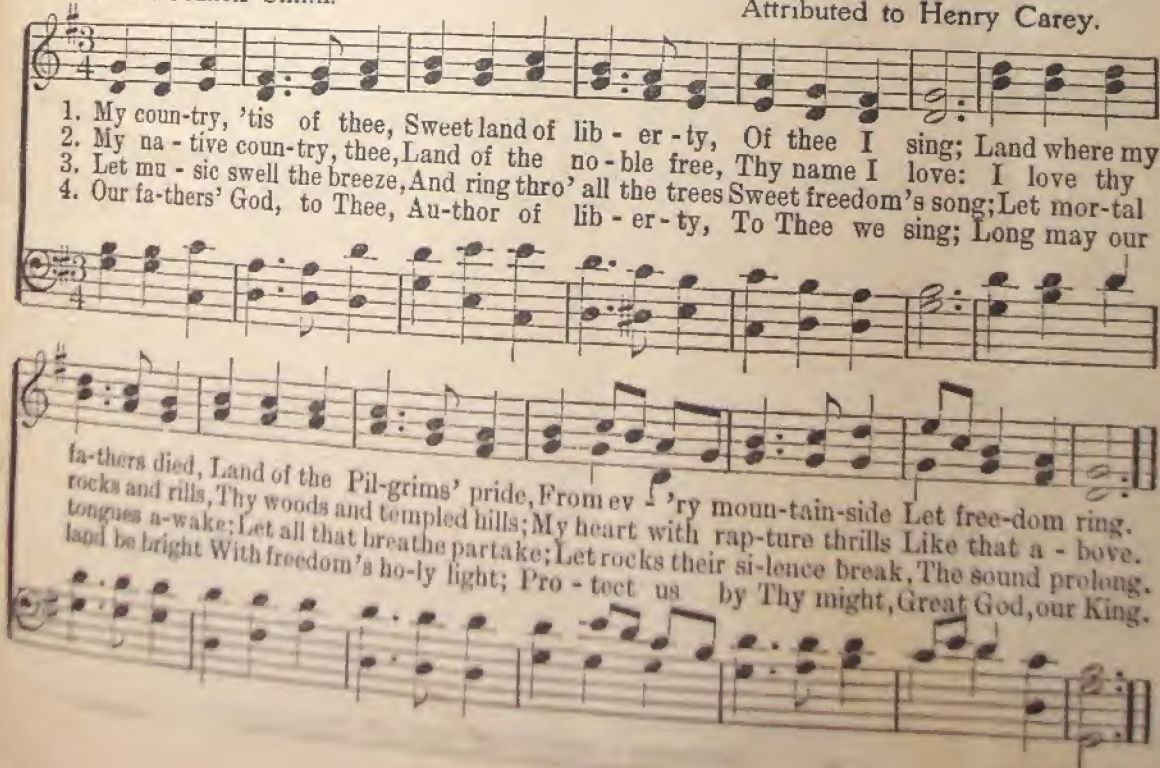
America.

(MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.)

First sung in Park Street Church, Boston, July 4, 1832.

Samuel Francis Smith.

Attributed to Henry Carey.



1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My na - tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love: I love thy
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring thro' all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our
 fa - thers died, Land of the Pil-grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain-side Let free-dom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 tongues a - wake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

G. F. R.

Geo. F. Root.

1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, Moth - er dear, of you, And our
 2. In the bat - tle - front we stood When their fierce - est charge they made, And they
 3. So with - in the pris - on cell We are wait - ing for the day That shall

bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
 swept us off, a hun - dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were
 come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eyes grow bright, And the

all that I can do, Tho' I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
 beat - en back, dis - mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
 poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.

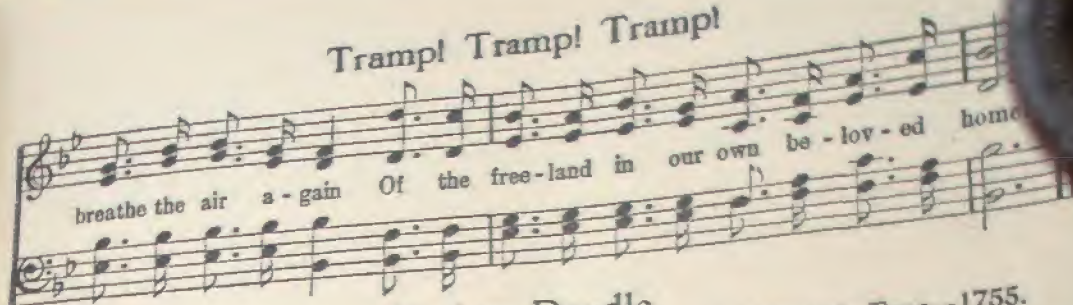
CHORUS.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, com - rades, they will
 march - ing on, O cheer up, com - rades,

come, And be - neath the star - ry flag We shall
 they will come,

Progress is made by work alone. — Mendelssohn.
 Music is a stimulant to mental exertion. — Diaradi.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

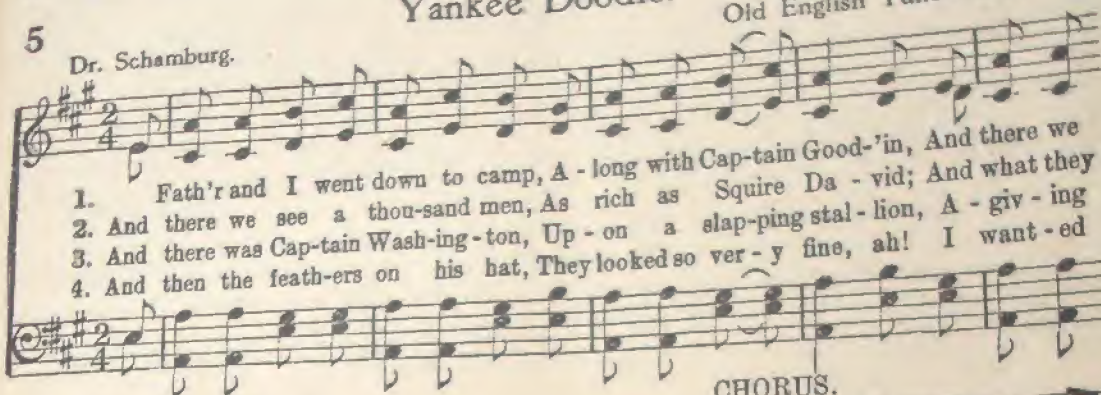


Yankee Doodle.

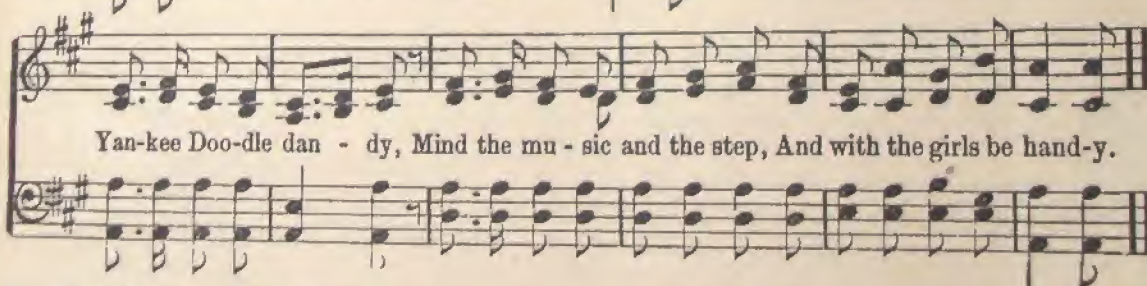
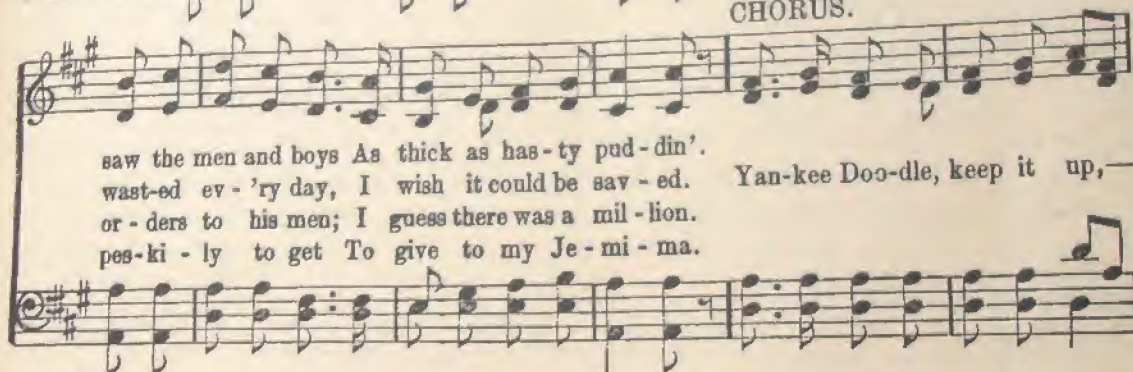
Old English Tune—1755.

5

Dr. Schamburg.



CHORUS.



5. And there I see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart;
A load for father's cattle.
6. And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.
7. And there I see a little keg,
Its head all made of leather;
They knocked upon't with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

8. And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
He kind o' clapt his hand on't
And stuck a crooked stabbing-iron
Upon the little end on't.
9. The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races.
10. It scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean

David T. Shaw.

Spirited.

David T. Shaw.

1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free,
2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,
3. The star-span-gled ban-ner bring hith-er, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it wave;

The shrine of each pa-triot's de-votion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee,
 The ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm;
 May the wreaths they have won never with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave:

Thy mandates make he-ros as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
 With the gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew,
 May the serv-ice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true;

Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble When borne by the red, white and blue;
 With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue;
 The ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue;

CHORUS.

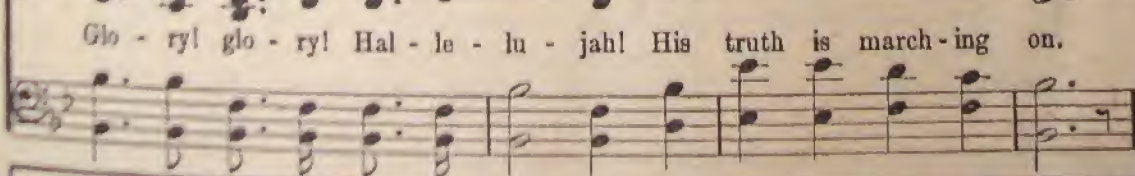
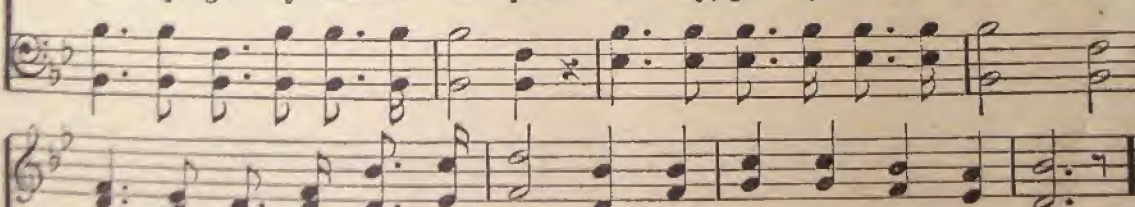
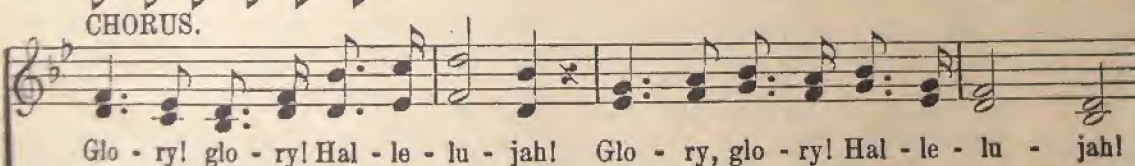
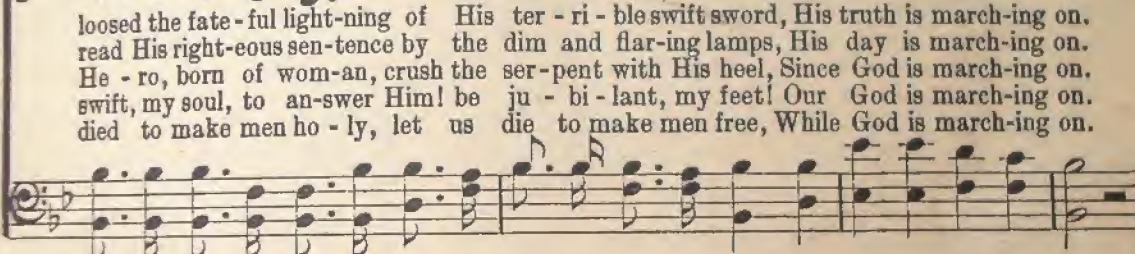
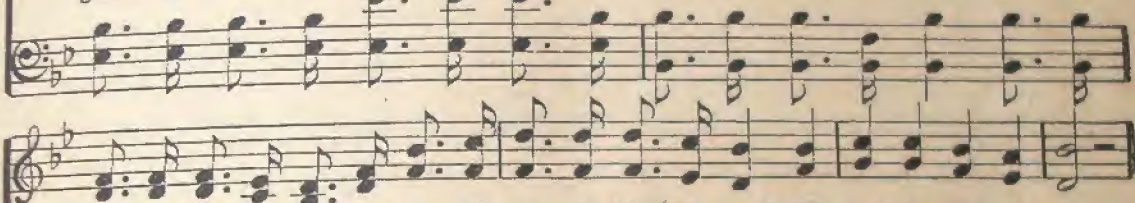
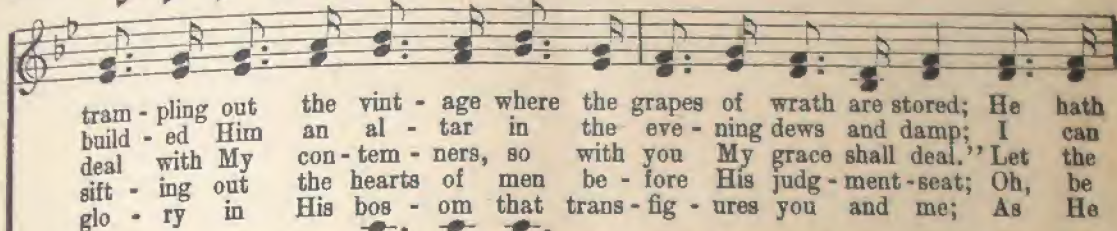
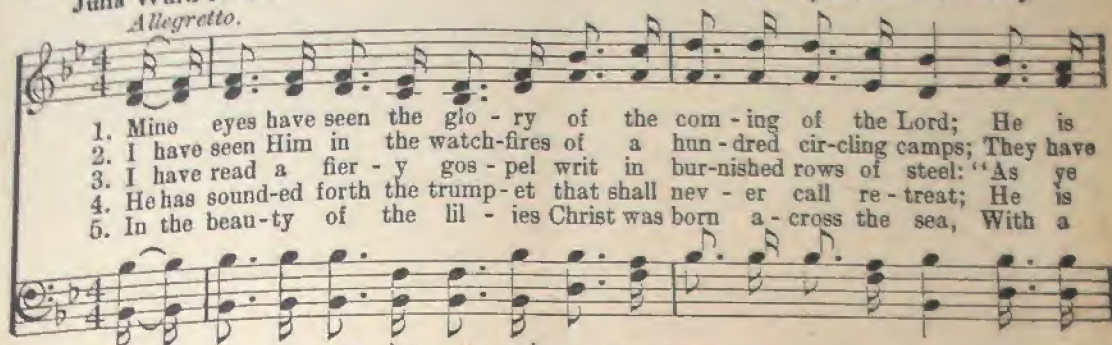
D. S. $\text{\$}$

When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue; Thy
 The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue; With her
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue; The

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.
Allegretto.

Air: "John Brown's Body."



Mrs. John A. Logan, wife of the great Volunteer General, noticed while visiting Richmond, in March, 1868, that the Confederate women decorated the graves of their dead. Upon her return she mentioned this to General Logan, who was Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. He said it was a beautiful custom and worthy of being copied. Thereupon he issued the first order that May 30, 1868, be observed as Decoration Day, and this was so enthusiastically received that Congress made it a National holiday.



HANDKERCHIEFS



Composition Book

No. 25



NAME

SCHOOL



McKown-Carnes Co., Inc.

School Supply Distributors

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Corn

Southern Rice Cakes

2 eggs	2 C sour milk
1 C boiled rice	1 C corn meal
1 T melted fat	1 tsp salt
1 tsp soda	

Beat eggs & add other ingredients. Mix thoroughly & bake in a moderate oven.

Southern Corn Pone

2 C fine white meal	1 Tsp melted fat
1 tsp salt	1 C sour milk
1/2 tsp soda	
4 1/2 Tsp B.P.	

Sift dry ing. together add melted fat & sour milk. mix well and shape into oblong pones about 1/2 in thick. Bake 30 min. in well greased pan in moderate oven.

Steamed Brown Bread.

1 1/2 C corn meal	3/4 C Porto Rico molasses
1 1/2 C graham flour	2 C sour milk
1 tsp salt	2 tsp soda.

Sift dry ing. together, add sour milk & molasses. 1 C molasses may be added. Steam 3-4 hrs.

Corn

Corn meal Desserts. Indian Pudding

1 qt milk

1/4 c corn meal

1/2 c molasses

3/4 tsp salt

Spices (Cinnamon
nutmeg or ginger)

Cook milk & meal in D.B. 20 min.
Add salt, molasses & spices as desired.
Pour into greased baking dish. Bake 2 hrs.
in slow oven, stirring occasionally. Pudding
is very thin when done.

Corn meal & Apple pudding

1 c corn meal

1 qt milk

1 tsp ginger

1 tsp salt

1/2 c molasses

2 c apples cored &
sliced thin

scald milk & add corn

meal: cook 30 min. & add

salt, ginger & molasses. Pour
in a buttered baking dish, bake

1 hr. stirring occasionally, add

apples & bake 1 hr longer.

Scalloped Corn & Celery.

2 c canned corn

1 lb finely chopped celery

1 c bread crumbs

on top of dish. Add fat to hot milk
& pour over corn & celery.

1 tsp salt

1 T chopped green peppers

2 T fat

1/2 c hot milk

Corn

Corn Relish

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------|
| 1 1/2 doz. ears corn. | 2 qts vinegar |
| 1 small cabbage | 2 c sugar |
| 1 bunch celery | 1 c flour |
| 4 onions | 1/2 c salt. |
| 2 green peppers. | 1/2 tsp mustard. |
| 1/4 tsp cayenne. | |

Cut the corn from the cob. Grind the cabbage. Separate the celery stalks, remove the leaves & chop. Peel the onions & cut into thin slices. Wipe the peppers & chop them. Put all the vegetables into a preserving kettle & add half of the vinegar. Mix the dry ingredients & add the remaining vinegar to them. Combine the mixtures, bring to the boiling point & let simmer 40 min. Fill glass jars & seal.

meat

Stuffed Rib chop with Apples

6 rib pork chops 1 1/2 in thick

1 c fine dry bread crumbs

1/4 c chopped celery

1 T butter

1 T minced onion

1 T chopped parsley

1/4 tsp salt

1/8 tsp savory season

Dash pepper

1/8 tsp Celery seeds

3 tart apples

Stuffing, Cook the celery, onion & parsley in the butter for a few min, add the bread crumbs & seasoning, & stir until well mixed. Wipe the chops with a damp cloth. Cut a pocket in each chop. Sprinkle the chops with salt & pepper & rub lightly with flour. Sear the chops in a heavy hot skillet, turning the fat edges down at first & then browning both sides. Then fill each chop with stuffing, skewer the edges together with tooth picks. Lay the stuffed chops on a rack in a baking dish or pan with cover. On the top of each, place cut side down 1/2 of an apple (and let not peeled. Cover closely & bake in a moderate oven 325-375°F 45 min. Garnish with

Swiss Steak

1 1/2 lbs round or flank steak 2 med. sized carrots
1/4 in thick cut in strips lengthwise

1 C flour

1/4 C fat

1 tsp salt

1/2 C hot water

2 T chopped onion

Pound as much flour into the meat as possible with the edge of a sander. Place 1/4 C of fat in a heavy skillet. Brown meat well in the hot fat. Add 1/2 C hot water. Cover & simmer 1 hr. Add seasoning & continue cooking 1/2 hr longer, adding more water if needed. 1/2 C of strained tomato juice or 2 T. chopped parsley is a nice addition to the above.

Combination Rice & Stew

1 lb beef (chopped) 1 c spaghetti with tomatoes
1 c kidney beans 2 onions chopped fine
1 tsp salt

Sear the meat in hot fat, cover with boiling water & simmer 20 min. Add the beans, onions & spaghetti & seasonings. Cook until thick.

Shirred Eggs with Rice

Line a shallow baking dish with hot boiled rice. Break 6 eggs and carefully drop them one at a time into the rice. Cover with 1 c white sauce to which $\frac{1}{4}$ c grated cheese & $\frac{1}{4}$ c bread crumbs have been added. Set baking dish in a pan of hot water & cook in slow oven until whites of egg are jelly like.

Jello veg. salad.
Cornbread.
marmalade.

Spanish macaroni

1 C stale bread crumbs	1 C grated cheese
$\frac{1}{4}$ C melted butter	2 T chopped parsley & pimiento
1 C macaroni cooked in salt water	2 eggs beaten in 1 C milk

Mix macaroni, cheese, parsley & pimiento & put in a buttered baking dish. Pour milk & egg over the top. Cover top with buttered crumbs. Bake in pan of water 45 min.

Baked Rice & Steak

1 lb. round steak	$\frac{1}{2}$ C grated cheese
2 C boiled rice	2 tsp. salt
1 C tomatoes	

Cut steak in inch cubes. Brown thoroughly in fat. Add boiled rice & tomatoes season highly. Cook slowly until meat is tender. Just before removing from fire, add grated cheese, stirring until melted.

Cottage cheese loaf.

1C cottage cheese
2C cooked beans or peas
1C boiled rice
1C bread crumbs

2T chopped onion
2T fat
chopped celery or
celery salt.

Wash beans or peas, mix with cheese, bread crumbs & seasoning. Form into a stiff roll as it will become softer on heating. Bake in a moderate oven, basting with fat.

Southern Rice

1C brown rice
3C tomatoes or juice
6 pork chops

1 1/2 tsp salt
2 chopped onions
1 chopped pimento

Soak rice over night in water, drain. Butter baking dish, add rice, tomato salt, onion & pimento. Bake in covered dish in oven 3/4 hr. Remove, cover dish with pork chops. Bake 1/2 hr longer.

Arabian Stew

Select pork chops or other lean pork. Arrange in bottom of flat baking dish. On each piece of meat put $\frac{1}{2}$ level T uncooked rice, 2 T tomato or thick slice of tomato. 1 thick slice of onion, 1 slice of green pepper & a pinch of salt. Add boiling water to cover. Bake $1\frac{1}{2}$ hrs.

New Orleans ham.

Place a 3 lb. piece of cured ham with flat surface in roaster. Stick cloves, 1 doz or more, in top. Spread 2 T or sorghum molasses over top.

Prepare 6 apples as for baking & put on top of roast, allowing $\frac{1}{2}$ T of molasses to each apple. Peel sweet potatoes and carrots around roast. Add 2 c skimmed milk. Bake in hot oven about 1 hr.

Spice cake
(strawberry sauce)

Vegetable Beef Stew.

2 lbs. brisket, rump or chuck beef

Fat for searing beef.

1 1/2 c boiling water

1/2 small onion chopped

2 c cubed carrots

2 T vinegar

2 cloves

2 c cubed potatoes

Royal Scallop.

1 c chopped ham

1 c white sauce (med)

3/4 c toasted crumbs

4 hard cooked eggs

Chop the egg whites & add to the white sauce. Beat the egg yolks & add to the chopped ham. Place in a buttered dish. Cover with crumbs. Bake 10 min.

Scallop potatoes
add what is left of
strawberry sauce

Jamaica Pie (Broad & butter lettuce salad)

2 C tomato sauce
2 C chopped cooked meat
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp salt
1 small onion

1 green pepper (chopped)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ C corn meal cooked
in $\frac{1}{2}$ C boiling ^{salted} water
for $\frac{1}{2}$ hr.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ C grated cheese

To 1 C tomato sauce, add meat, salt, onion, pepper & corn meal mush.
Put in a pan, sprinkle with cheese &
bake. Serve with remaining sauce
to which has been added $\frac{1}{2}$ C chopped
olives.

Irish stew

2 lbs. mutton
2 C potatoes diced
 $\frac{3}{4}$ C each turnips, carrots (diced)

$\frac{1}{2}$ onion (chopped)
 $\frac{1}{4}$ C flour

Cut meat into small pieces, remove
fat. Fry out fat & brown meat in it.
When well browned, cover with boiling
water. Boil 5 mins. Cook at a lower
temp. until meat is done. Add carrots,
onions, turnips & salt. 45 min before
adding all potatoes. Thicken with flour

Dry Weight	
24 grams or more	1 pint
20 penny weights	1 ounce
12 ounces	1 lb.

3 plants (pa.)	2 quart.
6 plants (pa.)	1 peck
4 pecks (pa.)	2 bushel
20 bushels (pa.)	2 chaldron

[illegible]

A score is 20.
A hand is 4 tricks.
A full hand is 4 tricks.
A spot is 100 feet.
A whole is 1 league.

DOC HOPKINS AND KARL AND HARTY

OF *The Cumberland Ridgerunners*

MOUNTAIN BALLADS AND HOME SONGS



Doc Hopkins



Karl Davis



Harty Taylor

53 BIG HITS

SUCH AS

I'M HERE TO GET MY BABY OUT OF JAIL
THE PAL THAT IS ALWAYS TRUE
THE PRISONER'S DREAM
THE OLD PLUSH COVERED ALBUM
THERE'LL COME A TIME
THE RAMBLING BLUES
WE BURIED HER BENEATH THE WILLOW
AND 46 OTHERS

WITH GUITAR CHORDS

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THE PAL THAT IS ALWAYS TRUE
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AND 46 OTHERS

WITH GUITAR CHORDS





THE RED BUD SCHOOL
Near Mt. Vernon, Rockcastle County, Ky.

DOC HOPKINS AND KARL AND HARTY OF THE *Cumberland Ridgerunners*

ONE day during the summer of 1910 a photographer traveling through the Kentucky mountains happened upon this little school house, so by mere accident we have the only picture ever taken of the Red Bud School, in which the Hopkins's, Taylor's and Davis's learned their ABC's. At the right is the teacher, Professor W. A. B. Davis, Karl's father. Third from the left, in the front row, is Doc Hopkins. Karl and Harty were probably at home swinging on the gate or playing in the barnloft for they were not old enough to be in school. It was in this little school and in the nearby Rose Hill Church that Doc Hopkins and Karl and Harty learned many of the good old songs that are so popular with the great masses of common every day folks.

Doctor Howard Hopkins (Doc) was born in Harlan County, Ky. on January 26, 1900, and was the seventh son, hence the name Doctor, for according to mountain tradition a seventh son is supposed to have 'healing powers'. When he was a very small boy the Hopkins family moved to a farm near Mt. Vernon where Doc grew up just like any other country boy. At an early age he was the best guitar player in the county and entertained at all the community gatherings with his playing and singing. Before he was 21 years old he had seen service in the army and marine corps and served with the A.E.F. in France during the World War. His first radio experience was at WHAS, Louisville, Ky., and since 1930 has been on radio continuously over several midwest stations. Doc was married to Miss Mary Locke of Kansas City, Mo., in 1933 and they have one small son, Dockie Jr.

Karl Davis was born in Mt. Vernon, Ky., on Dec. 17, 1905. He was the youngest of ten children. He was educated in the public schools and graduated from the Mt. Vernon High School in 1928. After which he attended Centre College, in Danville, Ky. In school he was an all-round athlete, starring in basketball and baseball. In 1933 he married Miss Jean Harris of Winchester, Ky., his boyhood sweetheart and daughter of his old school teacher. They have a little girl, Diana Jean. Incidentally Karl is an uncle of Shelby Jean Davis, "The Little Mountain Sweetheart" who sings on the Cumberland Ridgerunners programs.

Hartford C. Taylor (Harty) was born in Mt. Vernon, Ky., on April 11, 1905. He was the son of a blacksmith and one of a large family of children. Harty also went to the public schools in Mt. Vernon where he graduated from High School in 1923. After graduation he worked in the drugstore, postoffice and one of the banks in his home town. He married Miss Betty Mulliner of Galesburg, Illinois in 1928. They have two children, Betty Conn and Billy.

Like Doc Hopkins, Karl and Harty took to 'Mountain Music' at an early age and most any time you could find the boys in Davis's barn or Taylor's blacksmith shop picking away on the mandolin and guitar. According to an old saying "Birds of a feather, flock together" so when Doc returned home from the World War the three boys organized a string band known as the Crazy Kats and became well known throughout Eastern and Central Kentucky. Soon they were playing frequently over radio station WHAS at Louisville. In 1930 through the influence of their good friend, Bradley Kincaid the three boys got on station WLS in Chicago and became known throughout the country as "The Cumberland Ridgerunners."

In closing, it is appropriate to dedicate this book to the millions of radio friends and listeners who have made their success possible and to three people in particular: Bradley Kincaid (The Kentucky Mountain Boy) through whose influence they got on the radio.

Piddling Jack McCoy, who obligingly arranged the music to many of the songs in this book.

Ervin Viktor (Uncle Ervin) our most able and loved announcer who was first to introduce this book over the air.

Arr. by Mort. H. Glickman

No Place to Pillow My Head

By Doc Hopkins

1. Once I was hap-py with heart free from care Had a Dad-dy and Ma-ma so sweet —
 2. I long for those hands so gen-tle and warm That tucked me a - way in my bed —
 3. My dad-dy is rest-ing far o-ver the sea In the fields where pop-pies peep through —

Dolls and a dog-gie and play-things so dear, And stock-ings and shoes on my feet — But
 I miss that sweet voice and the lul-la-by song At night when my prayers are said — No
 Mark'd by the cross that shrines the green lea Be - side his com-rade so true — His

now through this world I must wan-der a - lone Beg-ging for pen-nies and bread — For
 one was so kind, so gen-tle and true No treas-ure more pre-cious could be — In a
 soul it has gone to the Fa-ther a - bove May his slum-ber be peace-ful and sweet — The

I have no Dad-dy no Ma-ma nor home. No place to pil-low my head. —
 beau-ti-ful gar-den in Heav-en a - bove I know she is wait-ing for me. —
 bat-tle is o-ver for him o-ver there The bu-gle has sound-ed re - treat. —

CHORUS

No home — no home — No place to pil-low my head — The

day seems so sad and the night is so long since Dad-dy and Ma-ma are dead.

Arr. by
Mort H. Glickman

Darling Think of What You've Done

By Karl & Harty

1. I was born in south-ern Tex-as To North Car-o-lin-a I did
2. Her hair was of a dark brown col-or And her cheeks of ros-y
3. When I sleep I dream a-bout her When I'm a-wake I know no
4. Ma-ma says that we can mar-ry Pa-pa says it'll nev-er
5. I'd rath-er be up some dark hol-low Where the sun will nev-er
6. When I'm dead and in my cas-ket With my pale face to the

roam There I met a lit-tle wo-man Her age and
red Upon her breast she wore white lin-en Oh the
rest Ev-ry mo-ment seems an hour Oh what
do Some dark night we'll take a ram-ble Ram-ble a-
shine Than to see her moth-er's dar-ling And to
sun You may shed your tears up-on me Dar-ling

name I did not know Her age and name I did not know.
tears that I have shed Oh the tears that I have shed.
ach-ing in my breast Oh what ach-ing in my breast.
lone just me and you Ram-ble a-lone just me and you.
know she'll never be mine And to know she'll never be mine.
think of what you've done Dar-ling think of what you've done.

Arr. by
Mort H. Glickman

I'm Here to Get My Baby Out of Jail

By Karl & Harty

1. I'm not in your town to stay, Said a la-dy old and gray to the war-den of a
 2. I've tried to raise my baby right I have prayed both day and night, That he'd nev-er fol-low
 3. It is just five years to-day Since my hus-band pass'd a-way He was found be-neath the
 4. I will pawn you my watch I will pawn you my chain I will pawn you
 5. Then we heard the war-den say To this la-dy old and gray I will bring your ba-

pen-i-tent-i-ary I'm not in your town to stay and I'll
 foot-steps of his dad I have searched both far and wide I had
 snow so cold so white I made a vow to keep his ring And his
 my di-a-mond ring I will wash all your clothes I will
 by boy to your side Two iron gates swung wide a-part She held

soon be on my way I'm just here to get my ba-by out of jail, yes war-den-
 feared that he had died And at last I find my ba-by here in jail, yes war-den-
 gold watch and his chain But the coun-ty laid my hus-band in the ground, yes war-den-
 scrub all your floors If that will get my ba-by out of jail, yes war-den-
 her darling to her heart She kissed her ba-by boy and she died, but smil-ing,

I'm just here to get my ba-by out of jail
 But it's good to find my ba-by here in jail
 The county laid my ba-by pa-pa in the ground
 You know I want my dar-ling out of jail
 In the arms of her dear boy there she died

SAULELE
GUITAR & PIANO
CHORDS

Arr. by Mort H. Gluckman

The Pal that is Always True

By Doc Hopkins

Who rang to you Rock-a-luv my baby
When friends and pals for sake you
And when you're gone from the fire side
Who held you close to her breast
And bur-dens hard to bear
Where you spent hap-py hours at play

Who told you the stor-y of the sand man
Then you will turn your foot steps homeward
There's some one there watching and wait-ing
and built you gen-ly to rest
you'll find a wel-come there
tho' her hair has turned to gray

Who made your child-hood hap-py
You're al-ways moth-ers ba-by
Then strive to nev-er grieve her
and shared ev-ery sor-row with you
she's the first one on earth that you know
she's an an-gel that God gave to you

It was no one else but moth-er
There is no one else like moth-er
There is no one else like moth-er
the pal that is al-ways true
the pal that is al-ways true
the pal that is al-ways true

CHORUS
There was nev-er a pal like moth-er
no one so gen-tle and true. You will

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nev - er find an - oth - er — Tho' you search the whole world through — she will stand by
 you in trou - ble — Like no one else will do — There is no one else like
 moth - er — The pal that is al - way true. — There was true. —

Arr. by
Mort H. Glickman

Farewell to Tombigbee

By Karl & Harty and
Patrick Mc Adory

1. I had a home by the Tom - big - bee Where I spent my boy - hood days —
 2. When I got back to the Tom - big - bee Then I paused be - fore her door —
 3. She had givn her heart in true, true love I could see it all too plain —

With a girl whose heart was as pure as gold Oh curse my wand - ering ways —
 For a light in the win - dow beck - oned me, To see my darling once more —
 For she held him tight and her eyes shone bright While I stood out in the rain —

A long long time I've been a way And I just came back last night
But I saw an-oth-er within her arms And she smiled so ten-der-ly
Far far a-way from the Tom-big-bee In some far dis-tant land

Ex-pect-ing she would wel-come me and kiss and hold me tight,
And a dark gray cloud came o'er the sky And wept to-gether with me,
I long to be for she's not for me She'll nev-er love me again.

CHORUS

The moon shines bright on the Tom-big-bee The owl in the dale calls

mourn-ful-ly The wind blows soft o'er the Tom-big-bee Fare-well deep

riv-er fare-well Fare-well old riv-er fare-well.

Arr. by
Nick Manoloff

The Old Chain Gang

7

By Doc Hopkins
& Pat Mc Adory

Moderato

1. My hon - ey dear I know you're gon-na ask Just where I've been,
2. They sent me up on a two year bid I soon for - got
3. Night and day I didn't get to rest Just hold me tight
4. You'd nev - er dream what a life I led On the old chain gang
5. That old chain gang is a tough old crew The boss is hard,
6. The boss was off on a drunk one day I drug my chain
7. I hit the road, and I flipped a freight She was going fast
8. Now hon - ey dear, if they hit my trail They're gon - na

— Since I saw you last, Well I've been down where the ham - mers
— what it was I did, They chained me down with a doz - en
— to your lov - ing breast See where the chain on my an - kle
— you're bet - ter off dead I'll never for - get those songs we
— I'm tell - ing you He drug me out thro' the cell house
— where a crow - bar lay I drove her down and the lock she
— but I could - n't wait I hit that floor with an aw - ful
— land me back in jail Let's kiss good - bye for I rath - er

clang. Yes I've been down on the old chain gang.
men I can't be - lieve I'm in your arms again.
swang Well that's the mark of the old chain gang.
sang Out break - ing rocks on the old chain gang.
door And laid me out on the old stone floor.
sprang I said good bye to the old chain gang.
bang But I was free from the old chain gang.
bang Than to go back on the old chain gang.

The Holiness Mother

By Karl & Harty

Arr. by Mort H. Glickman

1. If you'll pause for a mo-ment and lis - ten — A sto-ry to you we'll con - vey —
 2. They say that her sons may be found now — In the tav-erns each night mak-ing gay —

Of a dear old fash-ion-ed moth-er — Who was known as Mother Mc Crea — The poor thing
 — Doing just what had caus'd their dear mother To go the Hol-i-ness way — It was them she had

died bro-ken heart-ed — Her own sons had cast her a-side — And this my dear friends was the rea-son
 gone there to pray for — Her own soul was clean, pure and sound But there's coming a 'Great Judgement Morning

— She went to her Lord to a - bide. — She had joined the Hol-i-ness Church — And because she had
 — When they'll weep o'er her green grassy mound. They'll run to the hol - i - ness Church — And they'll all shout with

gone there to shout — Her rich sons were shameful and mad — And had cru-el-ly cast her out. —
 glo-ry and pray — That the Lord will ac-cept them as his — And give back dear Mother Mc Crea. —

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Song of the

Arr. by Mort H. Glickman

Slowly

1. Friends I can-not see my way Dark-ness hides the light of day And I have to feel my
 2. Oh friends I'm all a-lone In this dark world to roam My fa-ther died when
 3. While I wan-der thro' this land Friends must lead me by the hand Pray-ing God will keep the
 4. When my life on earth is done And I jour-ney to my home An-gels fair will guide my

way from place to place. If I could on-ly see smiles of those so dear to
 I was four years old Mother she de-parted too How I miss her love so
 pit-falls from my way. In his bless-ed word he said When the graves give up their
 foot-steps all the way. Heaven's beau-ty I shall share There will be no dark-ness

me But on earth I know I'll nev-er see their face.
 true But I'll see them when we walk the street of gold.
 dead We will see him in his glo-ry that sweet day If there should come a
 there For the Lord will give the blind their sight that day.

day when you could not see your way And the sun on earth for you would nev-er shine Dark-ness

all your whole life thro' Oh how sad and lone ly too God have pi-ty on the blind.

Arr. by
Mort H. Glickman

I'm Going Home This Evening

By Karl & Hardy
and McAdory

1. There is grief with - in the cir - cle as the old clock strikes the hour
 2. Let me say to those who loved me do not shed your tears for me
 3. The life my mak - er gave me He chose to end this way
 4. Now the day is near - ly o - ver and the sun was al - most gone

For a dear one's life is fad - ing like a prec - ious ten - der flower
 For I know the Lord will take me to a land be - yond the sea
 And I know I'll be so hap - py in the land of shin - ing day
 But her face was bright and shin - ing with the light of Heav - enly dawn

To her loved ones by her bed side she says my life is done
 What a joy 'twill be to meet him for he loves us ev - ery one
 No pain, nor care, nor sor - row for my days on earth are done
 She gent - ly closed her eye - lids for an an - gel now had come

And I'm go - ing home this eve - ning with the sink - ing of the sun.
 And I'm go - ing home this eve - ning with the sink - ing of the sun.
 And I am go - ing home this eve - ning with the sink - ing of the sun.
 And she fell a - sleep in Je - sus with the sink - ing of the sun.

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Arr. by Mort H. Glickman

The Range in the Sky

By Doc Hopkins

1. There's a range a-way up yon-der in the sky ——— Where old pals will ride to-geth-er bye and
 2. There's a tal-ly book up yon-der in the sky ——— Ev - ery brand from all the rang-es, bye and
 3. When it's round up time up yon-der in the sky ——— And the boss of all the rid-ers bye and

bye, ——— Up a - bove the milk-y way there the dog-gies nev-er stray I'm going to
 bye, ——— Will be count-ed one by one when the brand-ing here is done I'm going to
 bye, ——— Counts the rus-ty and the stray, on that last great round up day.

CHORUS

ride that range up yon-der bye and bye Bye and bye ——— Bye and bye ———
 ride that range up yon-der bye and bye
 ride that range up yon-der bye and bye

Going to hit that long, long trail up to the sky ——— No more sand or burn-ing sun when my
 last day's work is done I'm going to ride that range up yon-der bye and bye Bye and bye.

Arr. by
Mort H. Glickman

They're All Going Home But One

By Karl & Harty and
Patrick McAdory

1. There were five of us boys in the fam-ily — We told our dear moth-er good-bye —
2. To - night when it's dark in the pri - son — I'll stand look-ing out thro' the bars —

— We left our dear home down in Geor-gia — Our luck in the ci - ty to try —
— I'll think of my moth-er in Geor-gia — I can still see her eyes in the stars —

— We a-greed to go back there and see her — When two years had passed a way —
— The oth-ers were stead-fast and loy - al — No tears will they cause her to shed —

— She told us that she would be wait-ing — And two years are o - ver to - day —
— But I was the one that dis-graced her — A crim-in - al bet-ter off dead. —

They're all go - ing home to moth-er to - night — They're all go - ing back but one. —

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a melody line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. Chord symbols (C, F, G7, A7, Dm7) are placed above the melody line to indicate the harmonic structure. The lyrics are written below the melody line, with some lines split across two staves.

And moth-er will be so hap-py to - night and proud of each for-tun-ate son —

But one of her boys will be miss-ing — There's one she will fail to see —

— They'll all be there with moth-er to - night They're all go - ing home but one. —

Arr. by Mort H. Glickman

Cabin Just Over the Hill

By Doc Hopkins

1. Once a-gain the night-in-gale is sing-ing — Bright the stars peep from a-
 2. Spring has come and now a-mong the flow-ers — Where we wandered hap-py and
 3. When my lone-ly days, they know their num-ber, — When they lay me down to —

Love — In my mem-ry sweet-ly ring-ing — Lives the voice of
 just to pass a-way the hours, — Birds are sing-ing
 in that lit-tle spot let me slum-ber — By the side of one I

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one I love. _____
 all the day. _____
 love the best. _____

They have borne her to the church yard _____
 Alas for me their song has end - ed _____
 She is wait-ing just beyond the sha - dows _____

There they gent - ly laid her down _____
 O'er the mead-ow green and deep, _____
 Soon I'll know no ach - ing heart, _____

She is sleep-ing sweet - ly _____
 Hand in hand with her _____
 Then we'll wan-der through the _____

sleep - ing _____
 wan - der _____
 green meadows _____

'Neath a lit - tle grass cov-ered mound. _____
 Once a - gain when I go to sleep. _____
 In the land where lov-ers nev - er part. _____

CHO. _____

whip - poor-will call - ing _____
 Then my heart with long - ing fills _____

There's no light to - night to greet me _____
 In my ca - bin just o - ver the hill. _____

Nobody's Darling

By
WILL S. HAYS

Guitar Chords: G, E7, Am, D7, G, G7

Moderato

1. Out in the cold world a lone
 Par-ent-less, friend-less and poor
 CHO: No - bo - dy's dar - ling on earth
 Walk - ing a bout in the streets,
 Noth - ing but sor - row I see,
 Hea - ven will mer - ci - ful be.

Ask - ing a pen - ny for bread
 I am no - bo - dy's dar - ling
 There I am some - bo - dy's dar - ling
 Beg - ging for some - thing to eat,
 No - bo - dy cares for me
 Some - bo - dy cares for me

2. No one to kiss me goodnight,
 No one to put me to bed
 Up in an attic alone,
 Weeping for those who are dead.
 Merciless winds chill my form,
 Sitting on Poverty's knee,
 I am nobody's darling,
 Nobody cares for me.
3. Often at night when I kneel
 Lifting my sorrowful eyes
 Asking my mother to smile
 Down on her child from the skies.
 Then I forget all my grief
 Mother in heaven I see.
 There I'm somebody's darling.
 Somebody cares for me.

Good-bye, Maggie

By
I. GUEST

Guitar Chords: C, G7, C, G7, C, F, G7, G7

Moderato

1. By a cot - tage in the twi - light stood a sol - dier and a maid.
 cheeks the tear-drops flow - ing, fear - ing least she bids him stay.
 CHO: Good-bye Mag - gie, good-bye, dar - ling, though I'll think of you each day.

sol - emn words were be - ing spo - ken For his coun - try hedged and down her
 that last firm ly comes the an - swer "Mag - gie, dear, I'm called a - way"
 "The de - part - ment that I must leave you, "Mag - gie, dear, I'm called a - way"

2. Hear the tramp of martial footsteps
 Leading by her cottage door
 And a soldier coming bravely
 Toward her whom he'll see no more
 She can wait his hand at parting,
 Hear him sigh and softly say
 Say your love my love darling
 Because dear, I'm called away
3. There has been a fearful conflict
 Victory has been nobly won
 And a youthful soldier's dying
 Ere his life has well begun
 Communion, he is faintly saying
 I shall never live till day
 If you are spared to see my darling
 Tell her I was called away

Arr. by Nick Manoloff

Cradle's Empty, Baby's Gone

By Harry Kennedy

1. Lit-tle emp-ty cra-dle treas-ur'd now with care, Tho' thy prec-ious bur-den it has fled.
 2. Near a shad-y val-ley stands a gras-sy mound, Un-der-neath my lit-tle dar-ling sleeps.

How we miss the locks of cur-ly gold-en hair, Peep-ing from thy ti-ny snow-white bed,
 Blos-soms sweet, and ros-es clus-ter all a-round; O-ver head the wil-low si-lent weeps

When the dim-pled cheeks and lit-tle laugh-ing eyes From the rum-pled pil-low shone,
 There I laid my loved one in the long a-go, And my heart doth sad-ly moan,

Then I gazed with glad-ness, now I look and sigh, Emp-ty is the cra-dle, ba-bys gone.
 Tho' shes with the an-gels, still I fain would weep; Emp-ty is the cra-dle, ba-bys gone.

Ba-by left her cra-dle for the gold-en shore, O'er the sil-v'ry wa-ters she has flown,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a melody line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. Chords are indicated by letters (C, F, D7, G7, G7+5, Dm7, E, Dm) above the staff. The score is divided into systems, each containing a vocal line and a piano line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and some melodic lines in the right and left hands.

Gone to join the an - gels peaceful ev - er - more, Empty is the cra - dle, ba - by's gone

Arr. by Nick Manoloff

There'll Come A Time

By Chas. K. Harris

Tempo di Valse

1. Why are you sad, Pa - pa, my dar - ling, Why are those tears, Fall - ing to - day,
 2. Let me know all, Pa - pa, my dar - ling, Tell me I pray, Of moth - er dear,
 3. Some years a - go, Well I re - mem - ber, Your moth - er child, Left home one night,

Why do you look At me so strangely, Have I done wrong, Tell me I pray,
 Where has she gone, Why did she leave us, Why is her name Nev - er heard here?
 She fled, a - las, Fled with an - oth - er, 'Tis the old tale, Vanished from sight,

No, no, my child, You are an an - gel, There's not a heart Pur - er than thine,
 I nev - er felt Her arms a - bout me, Nor her sweet lips Prest close to mine,
 'Twas but a year, Back to the old home, She came to die, Yes, ba - by mine,

Yet I've a fear, Some day you'll leave me, Just as your moth-er did. There'll come a time.
 I'd give my life, On - ly to see her, Tell me dear pa - pa, will There come a time.
 That's why I fear, Some day you'll leave me, Just as your moth-er did, There'll come a time.

CHORUS
 There'll come a time, some day, ——— When I have passed a - way. ———

There'll be no fa - ther to guide you, From day to day, ———

Think well of all I've said: ——— Hon - or the man you wed: ———

Al - ways re - mem - ber my sto - ry, There'll come a time. ———

Arr. by
Mort H. Glickman

The Prisoner's Dream

By Karl & Harly
and Pat Mc Adory

1. Last night as I lay dream - ing I dream'd a dream so fair
 2. I dream'd she called me darl - ing, Kissed me and held me tight
 3. I dream'd a dream so love - ly Heav-en on earth it seemed My

dream'd a - bout my darl - ing The rose was in her hair I
 dream'd that we were mar - ried Dream'd of a star - ry night I
 wife and lit - tle chil - dren Came to me in that dream They

dream'd I left this pris - on Start-ed in life a new She
 dream'd a - bout our chil - dren Play-ing a - round my knee They
 threw their arms a - round me I was their pride and joy My

told me that she loved me Told me her love was true.
 loved me called me dad dy They tho't the world of me. It was on - ly a
 lit - tle wife she loved me I was her dar - ling boy.

dream just a pris-on-ers dream As I lay on my cold pris-on bed.

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My dreams of you can nev-er come true. Dear girl I wish that I were dead.

Arr. by
Mort H. Glickman

There's No Other Love for Me

By Karl & Harty

1. Last night while a big moon was shin-ing
2. In my pock-et I have a bright shill-ing
3. By the chap-el we plant-ed a rose bush
4. How hap-py I was with my darl-ing
5. Each day I have been to the chap-el
6. But oh as she gazed in the crys-tal
7. Lit-tle dar-ling I know you are dwell-ing

That caused the black night to be gray—
Use the crys-tal the cards or my hand—
The ros-es are now oh so red—
As we stood side by side there each day—
I have watch'd the small buds charge to flowers.
She brushed my poor head with her hand—
In a beau-ti-ful home o'er the sea—

I went where the gyp-sies were camp-ing And to their fair prin-cess did say.
But tell me of my lit-tle darl-ing If my poor bro-ken heart you would mend.
He promised that when they were blooming He would come to me and we would wed.
Then his father found work in the ci-ty They moved and went far far a-way.
My tear drops have dampened their pet-als I have wait-ed and watch'd there for hours.
There were flowers and heart bro-ken peo-ple A cas-ket of white on a stand.
I will keep my sad heart near the rose bush There's no oth-er love for me.

Sinner Man, Where You Gonna Hide

Arr. by
Mort H. Glickman

By Doc Hopkins

1. Gods' wrath _____ is sure-ly com-ing _____ This e-vil world _____ will start to
2. You'll go down _____ to the bank of the river _____ Riv-er can't quench _____ that mighty
3. When the last _____ trump has sound-ed _____ And the life book _____ is

burn-ing _____ Too late to pray _____ on that great morn-ing _____
fire _____ Then your die will _____ be cast for - ev - er _____
o - pened _____ Then you find _____ your sins are writ - ten _____

Oh _____ sin-ner where you gon-na hide _____
Oh _____ sin-ner where you gon-na hide _____ You'll pray _____ for the rocks and
Oh _____ sin-ner where you gon-na hide _____

the moun-tains _____ Rocks and the mountains _____ They wont hear you _____ on that great _____

_____ judgment morning _____ Oh _____ sin - ner where you gon-na hide. _____

The musical score is written for voice, piano, and guitar. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The guitar part provides harmonic support with various chords indicated by letter diagrams above the staff. The lyrics are arranged in three systems, each corresponding to a different vocal line. The score includes a 'CHO' section for a choir part. The final measure of the piano part ends with a double bar line and a final chord.

Arr. by
Mort. H. Gluckman

The House Where We Were Wed

By Earl & Hardy

1. I've been to the old farm-house, my wife, where you and I were wed. — Where the
 2. The sun went down as it used to do, and sank in the sea of night. — The
 3. But there be words can ne'er be un-said, and deeds can ne'er be un-done — Ex.

love was born to our two hearts that now lie cold and dead — Where a
 two bright stars that we called ours, came slow - ly in - to sight. — But the
 cept per - haps in an-oth - er world, where life's once more be - gun. — And may.

long kept se-cret to you I told in the yel - low beams of the moon — And
 one that was mine went under a cloud, went under a cloud a - lone. — And a
 be some time in the time to come, when a few more years are sped — We'll

we made vows of — love's old gold to be bro - ken oh so soon. —
 tear that I wouldn't have shed for the world, fell down on the old gray stone. —
 love a - gain as we used to love, in the house where we were wed. —

Arr. by
Mort H. Glickman

The Old Plush Covered Album

By
Doc Hopkins

1. In an old fashioned plush covered al - bum — Are the fac - es we love so dear —
2. Since loved ones so dear have de - part - ed — This world seems emp - ty and sad —

— Tho' fa - ded and torn are the pa - ges — And stained by ma - ny a tear —
— As I gaze on those prec - ious old tin - types — The best friends that I e'er had —

— Oh its con - tents bring ma - ny fond mem - ries — Of youth and the joys that it gave —
— In fan - cy I go back to child - hood — And join them in song and in glee —

— Still I keep and I trea - sure the pic - tures — From the cradle to the grave —
— But all there is left now to cher - ish — Are those pic - tures dear to me —

CHORUS

Time can - not blot out the beau - ty — Nor dim the sweet mem - ry so fair, — For

moth-er dad-dy and ba-by — And all of my loved ones are there — The

chain is not bro-ken for-ev-er — The links in my al-bum I save. — With the

sweet love that binds us to-gether — From the cra-dle to the grave. —

Arr. by
Mort H. Glickman

My Father's Whiskers

By Karl & Harty

1. I have a dear old fa-ther, for whom I night-ly pray — He has a set of

2. At sup-per in the eve-ning, a round the sup-per group — My dear old fa-ther's

3. My dear old moth-er chews them at night when she's a - sleep — And dreams that she is

4. My fa-ther has a fliv-ver, he calls it his mach-ine — His whisk-ers are so

5. My fa-ther went to Flan-der, he was not killed you see — He hid be-hind his

whis - kers And they're always in the way —
 whis - kers They get tangled in the soup. —
 eat - ing A bowl of shred - ded wheat. — They're al - ways in the way, The
 long — That they strain the gas - o' - line. —
 whis - kers And he fooled the en - e - my. —

cows chew them for hay They hide the dirt on fa - thers shirt, They're always in the way. —

The Little Blind Singer

Arr. by
Mort H. Glickman

By Karl & Harty

1. I know what moth - ers' face is like, al - though I can - not see. —
 2. I know what fa - thers' face is like, I'm sure I know it all —
 3. So I can tell what God is like, the God whom no one sees —

It's like the mu - sic of a bell, it's like the way the ros - es
 It's like his step up - on the stair, it's like his whis - tle on the
 He's ev - ry - thing my moth - er means he's ev - 'ry - thing my fa - ther

smell It's like the se - crets fair - ies tell All these it's like to me. —
 air It's like his arms that take such care And nev - er let me fall. —
 seems He's like my ver - y sweet - est dreams But great - er than all these. —

Arr. by
Mort H. Glickman

Them Ramblin' Blues

By Doc Hopkins

1. When God made the world He made it round Made my feet and a lot of ground, Lord, Lord,
 2. just got the sky up o'er my head Moth - er Na - ture makes my bed. Lord, Lord,
 3. nev - er go - ing to set - tle down Just going to keep on cover - ing ground, Lord, Lord,
 4. When I reach my jour - ney's end, Just dig my grave and roll me in, Lord, Lord,

got them old ram - lin' blues — Got no bread and I got no meat Just got a tick - le - in'
 got them old ram - lin' blues — Got no dough, don't need no fare But when I'm due, then
 got them old ram - lin' blues — Got no moss growing o - ver me, A roll - ing stone I'll
 goin' to die with the old ramblin' blues — Carve these words on a lit - tle stone "He's been here, but he's

in my feet. Lord, Lord, got them old ram - bl - in' blues I've —
 I'll be there Lord, Lord, got them old ram - bl - in' blues I'm —
 al - ways be, Lord, Lord, got them old ram - bl - in' blues. —
 done and gone, Lord, Lord, died with the old ram - bl - in' blues. —

The Song Of Old Marie

Arr. by Mort H. Glickman

By Karl and Harty

1. The sweet - est song I ev - er heard. A gray - haired wo - man sang —
 2. And as she raised two trem - bling hands To hold her poor old head —
 3. Some - where there's a grass - y mound An un - known sol - diers grave —

— 'Twas Spring - time and all flow - ers bloomed And I was on a train —
 — We called the cap - tain of the train And this is what he said, —
 — And pure and white the pop - pies grow To praise the life he gave —

— We'd just pulled in - to Lin - den town, A vil - lage by the sea —
 — "For for - ty years in Lin - den town My train's pulled in at three —
 — "You'll ne - ver re - turn to Lin - den, Jack The vil - lage by the sea —

— And through the win - dows of the coach Came the song of old Ma - rie —
 — For for - ty years my poor heart's thro'd To the song of old Ma - rie —
 — But soon a break - ing heart will ease And Ma - rie will come to thee. —

CHO. When will Jack re - turn home to me —

Is he on your train Tell me sir I plead My
heart is sad my eyes are blurred My skies are nev - er blue And
then she bowed her head and cried Boo - hoo - hoo - hoo.

We Buried Her Beneath The Willow

Arr. by
Mort H. Glickman

By
The Cumberland Ridge Runners

1. One day an an - gel came down from heaven An en - voy of our God a - bove;
2. Through all her pain she sang and smiled, A love - ly smile of heavn - ly birth,
— From this great world to choose a to - ken That all his throng in heavn would love.
— And when God's an - gel called her homeward, She gen - tly smiled fare - well to earth.

20

A soft song fell with-in His hear-ing He picked our girl her soul, her voice
 Heav-en re-tain-eth now our treas-ure This lone-ly earth her cas-ket keeps

To-day our part-ner sings in heav-en God praised the an-gel for His choice
 But still the sun-beams love to lin-ger A-bove the grave where Lin-da sleeps

CHO. We bur-ied her be-neath the wil-low With heads bow'd low we walked a-way,

God need-ed her to sing in heav-en; We'll meet a-gain on that bright day.

Arr. by
 Mort. H. Glickman

The Answer To A Prisoner's Dream

By Karl and Harty &
 Patrick Mc Adory

1. Last night I dreamed of you, dear Dreamed that you came to me You
 2. I nev-er can for-get, dear All that you meant to me Now
 3. I nev-er give up hope, dear Some day the time will come When

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held me in your arms, dear
since they look you from
we will be to - geth - er

My pray'rs had set you free.
Sor - row is all I see
Af - ter this life is done

I've
In

dream'd a - bout you dar - ling
all my dreams you're near me
know I'll meet you there, love

Man - y a lone - ly night
As in the long a - go
Cast - ing all pain a - way

But
The
I'll

dar - ling, must I al - ways
morn - ing sun then ris - ing
hold you in my arms then

Find with the morn - ing light.
Wakes me and then I know. It was on - ly a
Nev - er a - gain to say.

CHO. dream — Just a beau - ti - ful dream — For those stone walls still hold us a - part —

I love you so — You nev - er will know — Dear boy you'll al - ways have my heart —

held since we me they took in your arms, dear me
 we will be you to - geth - er
 My pray'rs had set you free.
 Sor - row is all I see
 Af - ter this life is done

dream'd a - bout you dar - ling
 all my dreams you're near me
 know I'll meet you there, love
 Man - y a lone - ly night
 As in the long a -
 Cast - ing all pain a - go way
 But The Ill

dar - ling, must I al - ways
 morn - ing sun then ris - ing
 hold you in my arms then
 Find with the morn - ing light.
 Wakes me and then I know.
 Nev - er a - gain to say. It was on - ly a

CHO. dream — Just a beau - ti - ful dream — For those stone walls still hold us a - part —

I love you so — You nev - er will know — Dear boy you'll al - ways have my heart —

Arr. by
Mort. H. Glickman

Asleep in the Briny Deep

By
Doc Hopkins

1. In a lit-tle town — far a-cross the sea — Where the stee-ple towers —
 2. There's a sto-ry told — of a maid-en fair — Who — cher-ished not —
 3. She — watch'd his sails — go — out of sight — She — wait-ed for —
 4. She — thought of him — in an-oth-er port — And — maid-ens there —
 5. Oh — light house send — your bright-est light — A - cross the an - gry —
 6. Then — came the storm — with wind and rain — A — maid-ens prayrs —
 7. His — ship went down — so — it was said — Her — lov - er to —
 8. Oh — bil - lows on — the — o - cean wide — Oh — waves that swell —

— far a - bove the trees — There the lov - ers stroll — In the
 — a — lov - er there — But she loved a sailor — to his
 — him — day and night — For — his re - turn — that
 — he'd — chance to court — But he prom-ised her —
 — waves to - night — Let your bell ring far — o'er the
 — were — all in vain — The — break-ers roared — up -
 — his — o - cean bed — In her wed-ding gown — this —
 — the — roll - ing tide — Dis - turb them not — but —

moon-light glow — By the brin-y sea — where the bree-zes blow —
 brave and true — Who — was sail - ing — on the brin-y blue —
 na - tive shore — To — hold her in — his — arms once more —
 bed be true — While sail - ing — on the brin-y blue —
 brin - y sea — To — guide my lover — — back to me —
 on the shore — And — now her lover — — comes no more —
 maid-en brave — joined him in his — wa - ter - y grave —
 guard their sleep — On the o - cean bed — in the brin-y deep —

Arnby
Nick Manoloff

A Broken Heart

By Karl & Harty
and Pat Mc Adory

Moderato

1. Not long a - go I was so gay I sang and danced
 2. Oh you were false But I was true And on the square
 3. I think a - bout You con-stant - ly I love you still
 4. My friends all say That you're no good But I'd take you back
 5. Our flame of love Was burn-ing strong I can't be - lieve
 6. Our love is gone And ev - ery thrill Has tum-bled down

— From day to day, But now to day, The skies are
 — All the time with you My heart is sore From Cu - pids
 — But you don't love me I sit and sigh, Cause we're a -
 — I know I would My mem - o - ries Do grief im -
 — It's real - ly gone I wait in hopes For just one
 — Like Jack and Jill In dreams I still See you sweet

dark But that's the way With a bro-ken heart.
 dart But that's the way With a bro-ken heart.
 part But that's the way With a bro-ken heart.
 part But that's the way With a bro-ken heart.
 spark But that's the way With a bro-ken heart.
 heart But that's the way With a bro-ken heart.

Friendless and Sad

Arr. by Mort H. Glickman

By Karl & Harty

1. Friendless and sad I am dream-ing — Dream-ing in sor-row a-lone —
 2. Queen of the grac-es they called me — Lov-ers were plead-ing to woo —
 3. Grief is my on-ly com-pan-ion — Pleas-ures are now of the past —

Crav-ing a heart-felt de-vo-tion — Sigh-ing for moth-er and home —
 Then came the choice of an i-dol — One that I thought would be true —
 Shad-ows are loom-ing be-fore me — Shad-ows I fear that will last —

Ma-ny were ten-der and loy-al — Joys were pre-vad-ing the air —
 Old as the world is my sto-ry — Leav-ing a hav-en of light —
 Those who would smile now are frown-ing — Point-ing the fin-ger of scorn —

Love was the theme of my bal-lad — Love was the light of my prayer. —
 I have suf-fered shame and de-ser-tion — Find-ing my life was a blight. —
 I used to think earth was heav-en — Now I say, "why was I born?" —

CHO. Oh for days of yore Moth-er love and home —

Friend-less and sad I am dream-ing — Dream-ing in sor-row a-lone —

Arr. by
Mort H. Glickman

She Has Forgotten

By Karl & Harty and
Patrick Mc Adory

1. Back to my home town I wan-dered one day — It seemed that the old
2. Mem-o-ries lin-ger caus-ing me pain — Tear-ing my heart

gang had drift-ed a-way — Wan-dered down Main Street the view to en-
out dream-ing in vain — Gone are those kiss-es that I used to

joy — I met with the girl that I loved as a boy — She
know — She has for-got-ten long, long a-go — I

glanced at me calm-ly and calm-ly walked by — She did-n't re-call
still have her pic-ture her face sweet and fair — A rose that she gave

me for years have flown by ——— She has for - got - ten the love that we
me a lock of her hair ——— I treas - ure and keep them it's sil - ly I

knew ——— She has for - got - ten can it be true?
know ——— For she has for - got - ten long, long a - go.

CHO There was a time when our hearts beat as one ——— All I can say

now is see what you've done ——— Gone are the days when we thrilled to each

von ——— She has for - got - ten ev - 'ry - thing now.

For He's a Jolly Good Fellow

Arr by
Nick Manoloff

Old French

Moderato

1. For he's a jol - ly good fel - low, For he's a jol - ly good fel - low, For
2. We won't go home un - til morn - ing, We won't go home un - til morn - ing, We

he's a jol - ly good fel - low, Which no - bod - y can de - ny — Which
won't go home un - til morn - ing, Till day - light doth ap - pear — Till

no - bod - y can de - ny; — Which no - bod - y can de - ny; — For
day - light doth ap - pear, — Till day - light doth ap - pear, — We

he's a jol - ly good fel - low, For he's a jol - ly good fel - low, For
won't go home un - til morn - ing, We won't go home un - til morn - ing, We

he's a jol - ly good fel - low, Which no - bod - y can de - ny. —
won't go home un - til morn - ing, Till day - light doth ap - pear. —

Arr. by
Mort H. Glickman

When the Corn is Waving Annie Dear

By
Charles Blamphin

1. When the corn is wav-ing An-nie, dear, Oh meet me by the stile To hear thy gen-tle
2. When the corn is wav-ing An-nie, dear, Our tales of love we'll tell Be-side the gen-tle

voice a- gain And greet thy win-ning smile The moon will be at full, love The stars will brightly
flow-ing stream That both our hearts know well Where wild flow-ers in their beau-ty Will scent the eve-nings

gleam, Oh come my Queen of night love And grace the beau-teous scene, When the
breeze, Oh haste the stars are peep-ing And the moon be-hind the trees, The

corn is wav-ing An-nie, dear, Oh meet me by the stile, — To hear thy gen-tle

voice a- gain And greet thy win-ning smile. — The corn is wav-ing An-nie, dear, Oh

CHO.

meet me by the stile — To hear thy gen-tle voice a-gain And greet thy win-ning smile.

Chords: A7, D7, D7+9, G, E7, Am, F#7, G, D7, G.

Arr. by
Mort H. Glickman

The Code of the Mountains

By Karl & Harty and
Patrick Mc Adory

1. The code of the moun-tains, way down in the back-woods, The code of the
2. They caught him at day-break, way down in the back-woods, They caught him at
3. Said Har-ry to Char-lie, way down in the back-woods, Said Har-ry to
4. He load-ed his ri-fle, way down in the back-woods, He load-ed his
5. They bur-ied poor Char-lie, way down in the back-woods, They bur-ied poor
6. Deep in the earth now, way down in the back-woods, Deep in the

Chords: C, G7, C.

moun-tains, the un-writ-ten law, — There Har-ry and Joe Brown, way
day-break, down on — his knees, — He plead-ed for mer-cy, way
Char-lie, you thought you were sly, — The code of the moun-tains, way
ri-fle, Joe load-ed too, — One shot and an-oth-er, way
Char-lie, with-out an-y prayer, — The code of the moun-tains, way
earth now, lies Char-lie Mc Graw, — For the code of the moun-tains, way

Chords: B, C, G7, C, C.

down in the back-woods, There Har-ry and Joe Brown, shot Char-lie Mc - Graw. —
down in the back-woods, He plead-ed for mer-cy, heed to — my pleas. —
down in the back-woods, The code of the moun-tains, says you — must die. —
down in the back-woods, One shot and an-oth-er, then it — was through. —
down in the back-woods, The code of the moun-tains, is the on-ly law there. —
down in the back-woods, The code of the moun-tains, is the un-writ-ten law. —

Chords: C, G7, C, B, C, G7, C.

The Wreck Between New Hope and Gethsemane

Arr. by
Nick Manoloff

By Karl & Harty
and Doc Hopkins

Moderato

1. Once two trains with might-y power run-ning six-ty miles an hour 'Twas a
 2. Ster-gin the en-gin-eer was brave, saw his train he could not save Saw a
 3. When the morn-ing light it came all a-round the burn-ing train Ma-ny
 4. Ma-ny lives of men were lost and most fear-ful was the cost That the

fear-ful speed be-tween mid-night and day _____ Ster-gin must have been a-
 head-light 'round the curve like light-ning flash _____ An-other train was head-ing
 friends and ma-ny loved ones gath-ered there _____ Fast be-neath that burn-ing
 L and N Com-pa-ny did sus-tain _____ 'Twas the dark-est hour that

sleep Passed the point he had to meet And it caused an aw-ful
 on He soon saw that he was gone And they came to- geth-er
 train They saw their friends they could not save So they turned a-way al-
 night Peo-ple gath-ered to that fright But they could not save them

The Wreck Between New Hope and Gethsemane

Arr. by
Nick Manoloff

By Karl & Harty
and Doc Hopkins

Moderato

1. Once two trains with might-y power run-ning six-ty miles an hour 'Twas a
 2. Ster-gin the en-gin-eer was brave, saw his train he could not save Saw a
 3. When the morn-ing light it came all a-round the burn-ing train Ma-ny
 4. Ma-ny lives of men were lost and most fear-ful was the cost That the

fear-ful speed be-tween mid-night and day Ster-gin must have been a-
 head-light 'round the curve like light-ning flash An- other train was head-ing
 friends and ma-ny loved ones gath-ered there Fast be-neath that burn-ing
 L and N Com-pa-ny did sus-tain 'Twas the dark-est hour that

sleep Passed the point he had to meet And it caused an aw-ful
 on He soon saw that he was gone And they came to- geth-er
 train They saw their friends they could not save So they turned a-way al-
 right Peo-ple gath-ered to that fright But they could not save them

CHORUS

wreck a - long the way. Dark was the night Men
with an aw - ful crash.
most in sad des - pair.
from that burn - ing train.

worked with all their might In that wreck a - bout two o' - clock or

three 'Twas a morn - ing in No - vem - ber long to be re -

mem - bered That wreck be - tween New Hope and Geth - sem - a - ne.

Arr. by
Nick Manoloff

God Sent My Little Girl

(Direct from Heaven)

By
Karl Davis

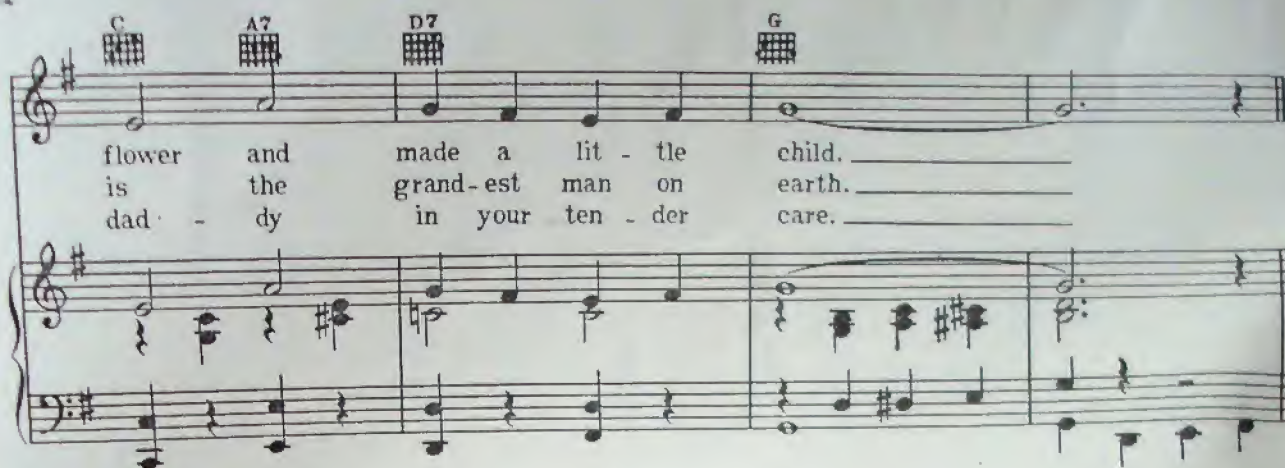
Moderato

1. Those ro - sy cheeks _____ Those big bright eyes _____ How sweet she
2. If I am blue _____ I'm marked a
3. If I can live _____ All hope seems gone _____ Her gray old
That when she's grown _____

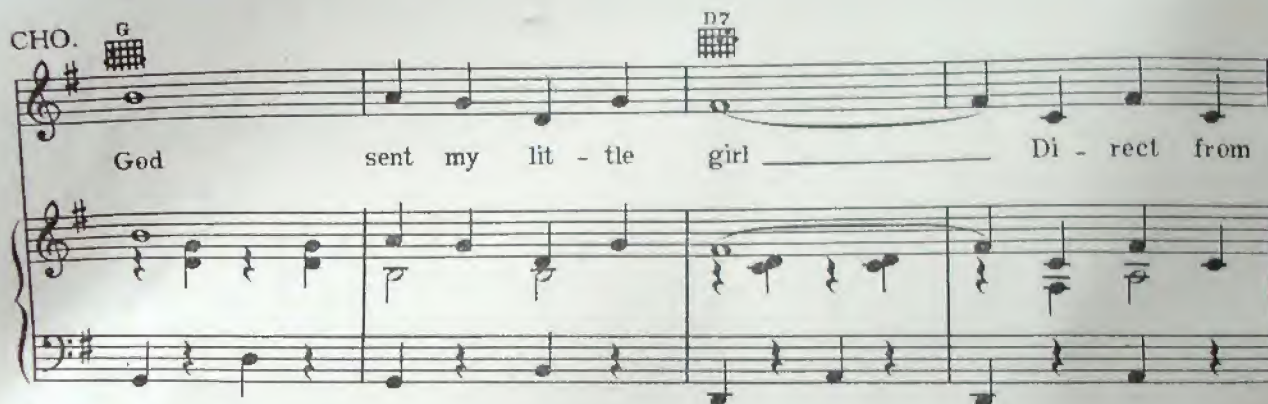
smiles _____ How cute she cries _____ From E - den's
failure _____ By the throng _____ From me friend
dad _____ She's proud to own _____ Still un - a

nook _____ The mas - ter took _____ A dain -
part _____ Still to that heart _____ Her dad -
bused _____ This prayer she used _____ God keep

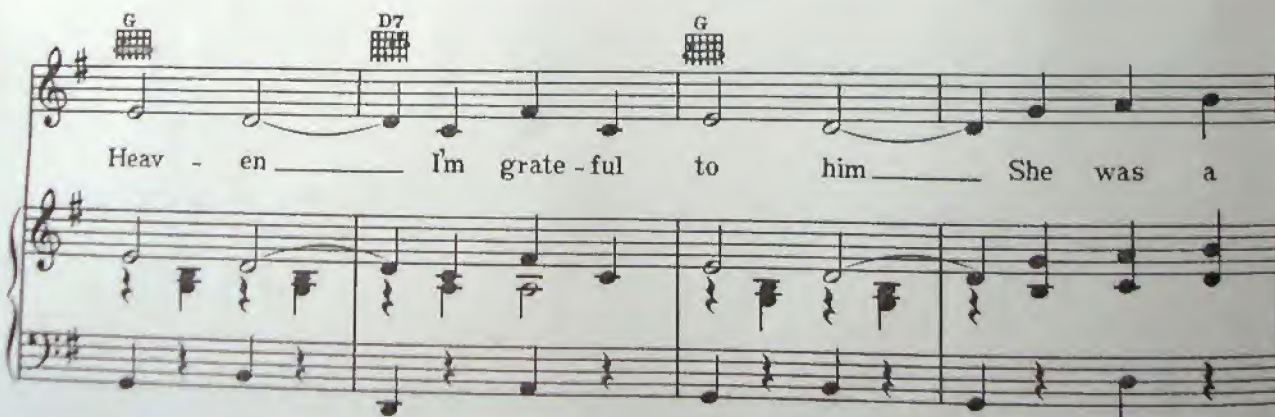
flower and made a lit - tle child.
is the grand - est man on earth.
dad - dy in your ten - der care.



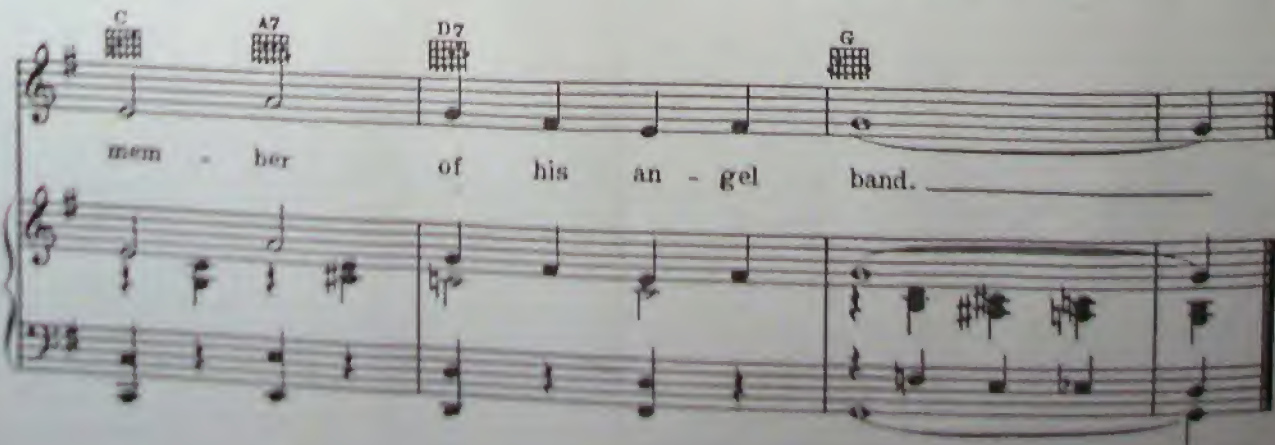
CHO. G D7
God sent my lit - tle girl Di - rect from



G D7 G
Heav - en I'm grate - ful to him She was a



C A7 D7 G
mem - ber of his an - gel band.

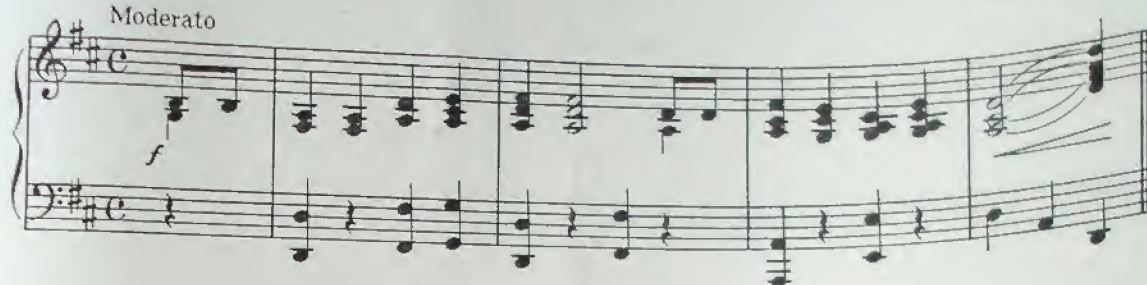


From a Cabin in Kentucky

Arr. by
Nick Manoloff

By Karl & Harty
and Pat McDory

Moderato



1. In a ca - bin in Ken - tuck - y On a cold and frost - y
 2. In a ca - bin in Ken - tuck - y There he spent his ba - by
 3. From a ca - bin in Ken - tuck - y To the state of Il - lin -
 4. From a ca - bin in Ken - tuck - y He was ris - ing high in
 5. From a ca - bin in Ken - tuck - y To the high - est post of
 6. On a fate - ful A - pril eve - ning At a play in Wash - ing -
 7. From a ca - bin in Ken - tuck - y Abra - ham Lin - coln won his

morn — In a ca - bin in Ken - tuck - y A — lit - tle child was
 days — In a ca - bin in Ken - tuck - y, In - to farm - ing he was
 ois — In the year of eight - een thir - ty Came a strong Ken - tuck - y
 fame — And his speeches and or - a - tions, Make the coun - try know his
 all — A - bra - ham Lin - coln led the country Thro' its tri - als great and
 ton — John Wil - kes Booth was hid - ing In the cur - tains with a
 way — To the hearts of men and wom - en, That is where he lives to -

born raised boy name small gun day

How his In the And from There was He's the And a There will

moth - er eve - ning year to many a man who shot rang nev - er

gent - ly he would year he low - ly the saved through the be an - oth - er

kissed him stu - dy, la - bored ca - bin na - tion play - house, oth - er

As she By the And en - Where the In the And he Like the

held him on her knee But she nev - er guessed one

log fire's glow - ing light And he used to do his

deav - ored to suc - ceed And at last his peo - ple

folks on bend - ed knee Of - fered pray - ers of thank

days of six - ty - four When they saw the un - ion

leaped up - on the stage That scoun - drel robbed our

no - ble boy who came From a ca - bin in Ken

mo - ment what he would turn out to be,

les - sons on a shov - el ev - ery night.

chose him for the pub - lic voice to lead.

giv - ing for the man that set them free.

safe - ly through the blood - y civ - il war.

coun - try of the he - ro of the age.

tuck - y to ev - er - last - ing fame.

Arr. by Mort H. Glickman

Across the Great Divide

By Doc Hopkins

1. Through des-ert land and cac-tus with sore and wea-ry feet We'll
 2. Some day there'll be a round-up the cow-boys one and all stand We'll
 3. Get a long, get along old Broncho soon we'll make our fare-well

fol-low trails where bones bleach in the sun Un-til we reach the
 stand be-fore the Mak-er with his brand We'll cut the herd and
 the round-up days are o'er here be-low We'll end our wea-ry

moun-tains and hear the tom-tom beat Where Red-skins watch and wait to lay us
 count them at the round-up in the fall When they cross the can-yon to that bet-ter
 jour-ney in that dis-tant prom-ise land We'll roam the prai-rie where green pas-tures

CHORUS

down-land grow. Just me and my old Bron-cho soon we'll trav-el the last long

mile To a bet-ter land where eve-ry ones a friend There's wa-ter and green

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pas-tures Where we all can live in style A-cross the great di-vide the trail will end.

Lookee Lookee Here

By Karl & Harty

Arr. by Mort H. Glickman

1. That snake he baked a big hoe cake And sat the toad to mind it That toad he up and
2. Love is just a thing of fan-cy Beau-ty's just a blos-som If you want to get your
3. Pos-som up the blue gum stump That rac-coon in the hol-ler Twist him out and
4. The coon has got a bush-y tail, The pos-som's tail is bare That rab-bit ain't not
5. The gob-bler's got a big fan tail, The part-ridge tail is small That peacocks tails got
6. The jay-bird died with the whooping cough The blue-bird died with the measles Long come a possum with a

went to sleep And a liz-ard slipped and found it.
fin-ger bit just poke it at a pos-som.
get him down I'll give you half a dol-lar.
tail at all 'Cept a lit-tle bunch of hair.
great big eyes But they can't see nothing at all.
tiddle on his back And the crows did a dance with the wea-sels.

Lookee, lookee here, lookee, lookee there

Lookee, lookee way down yonder Don't you see that old gray goose a smiling at the gander.

Lookee, lookee way down yonder Don't you see that old gray goose a smiling at the gander.

Arr. by
Mort. H. Glickman

I Am Just What I Am

By Karl & Ha

1. If I could be the Pres-i-dent of these U-nit-ed States I'd eat good lass-es can-dy and
2. I wish I had a load of poles, to fence my new ground lot. To keep them devilish little pigs, from root-
3. When I was a lit-tle boy, just thir-teen in-ches high, I used to climb the table legs and

swing on all the gates,
ing up all I've got.
steal off cake and pie.

I'd wear my dad-dies br-it-ches and smoke my un-cle's pipe I'd
They root my cab-bage, root my corn, and root up all my beans, They
And then the girls all laugh'd and said he, he, he, he, he, But

hug and kiss the pret-ty girls and sit up eve-ry night.
spoil my fine sweet ta-ter patch and ruin my tur-nip greens.
you ain't heard no boy laugh and say: she, she, she, she.

CHORUS

be just what I am
be just what they am
be just what they am

Give me those hills and rocks and rills and you can have your town.
I'll let them eat my beans and corn and then I'll eat their ham.
If it was-n't for them pret-ty girls I'd jump in the lake and drown.

Beautiful Dreamer

By Stephen C. Foster

Moderato

1. Beau-ti-ful dream-er wake un-to me, Star-light and dew-drops are wait-ing for
 2. Beau-ti-ful dream-er out on the sea, Mer-maids are chanting the wild lor-e-

thee, — Sounds of the rude world heard in the day, Lull'd by the moonlight, have all pass'd a-
 lie, — Ov-er the stream-let va-pors are borne, Wait-ing to fade at the bright coming

way! Beau-ti-ful dream-er, queen of my song, List while I woo thee with
 morn. Beau-ti-ful dream-er, beam on my heart, E'en as the morn on the

soft mel-o-dy; Gone are the cares of life's bus-y throng,
 streamlet and sea, Then with all clouds of sor-row de-part,

Beau-ti-ful dreamer, a-wake un-to me. Beau-ti-ful dreamer, a-wake un-to me.

A Song for Mother

By Karl & Harty

Tempo di Valse

1. We sing of the flow-ers that bloom in the spring, We sing of the deep blue
 2. If I could but have you al-ways with me, Dear moth-er where-e'er I
 3. I wish I could be at the old home a - gain, How sweet the sto - ry to

sea, _____ We sing of fair an - gels and gold bells that ring But
 roam, _____ But that can - not be for your du - ties I see Are with
 tell, _____ To take your dear hand on a bright Sab - bath morn And

CHORUS

this is the theme for me. _____
 dad and that dear old home. _____ My moth - er, _____ dear
 walk to the church in the dell. _____

moth - er _____ We're strik - ing a chord for thee, _____ You nev - er get

far from that dear old home, But your prayers are here with me. ———

Art. by Nick Manoloff

Hush A Bye Baby Don't Cry

By Doc Hopkins

Tempo di Valse

1. Lit tle sleep-y head, a nod - ing to a fro, Mam-my sings a sweet lul - la -
 2. Cud - dle up my ba - by, close to mam-my's breast Soon she'll be old and

by ——— Go to sleep my ba - by, sun am set - ting low, Moon will soon be
 gray ——— No more you'll hear me sing the song you love the best, Let me lul - la -

skin - ing in the sky, ——— Mam - my hears the sand - man creep - ing to the
 by you while I may ——— Too soon you will be grown, and Mam - my will be

door, To close the lit-tle pick-a-nin-ny's eye — You're my lit-tle bunch of
 gone, — But I'll watch o-ver you from the sky — You're my lit-tle bunch of

Heav-en and Mam-my loves you so Hush-a-bye my ba-by don't cry. —
 Heav-en and Mam-my loves you so Hush-a-bye my ba-by don't cry. —

Arr. by Nick Manoloff

The Song Our Partner Sang

Karl & Harty

Moderato

1. It was down a-mong the hills of old Ken-tuck-y, — We were
 2. How good it was to see his lit-tle daugh-ter — Our —
 3. His lit-tle daugh-ter smiled and then she told us, — How —

vis-it-ing scenes that bro't fond mem-o-ries, —
 part-ner passed one May she came that June —
 much the re-cord helped that lone-ly home —

When we drew up to the
 She showed us pic-tures
 It's the clos-est I have

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home of our old part - ner A mel - an - chol - y shack be - neath the
 of her un - seen fa - ther His old gui - tar she showed us, still in
 ev - er been to fa - ther We vis - it with it of - ten here a -

trees It was many a chord that we had played to - geth - er When
 tune And then the thing that touched us more than an - y From the
 lone It keeps me in the shin - ing light of Je - sus It

once he sang as member of our band But ma - ny years have pass'd now since he
 ver - y bot - tom of her keep - sake chest She took an old time re - cord and she
 helps me turn my steps the Gos - pel way We must meet our Dad and Part - ner up

left us To make his home a - bove in God's fair land.
 played it We heard him sing the song he loved the best.
 it And join with him in song that glor - ious day.

Arr. by Nick Manoloff

Days of the Blue and Grey

By Doc Hopkins

Tempo di valse

1. Two fa - thers bless'd with ba - by boys who lived in a long past day, —
 2. Two boys grew up though far a - part, they laugh'd and played so gay, —
 3. Two lads so brave so young so fair, so proud - ly marched a - way —
 4. On the battle field one star - ry night, two wound - ed sol - diers lay —
 5. They tho't of dear ones left be - hind, in sor - row both did pray —
 6. Two an - gels came with ten - der love, to bear their spir - it a - way —

— One fath - er wore a coat of blue, The oth - er a coat of grey. —
 — One learned to love the coat of blue, the oth - er the coat of grey. —
 — One moth - er prayed for her boy in blue, an oth - er her boy in grey. —
 — One of them wore a coat of blue, the oth - er a coat of grey. —
 — One dried his eyes with a rough blue sleeve, the oth - er a sleeve of grey. —
 — It mat - tered not in Heaven a - bove, which wore the blue or grey. —

CHORUS

The tired, the wea - ry, the wound - ed and dead up - on the bat - tle field lay, —

Me - ry poor hearts were bro - ken and sad In the days of the Blue and Grey. —

When a Railroad Man is Happy

Arr. by
Nick Manoloff

By Doc Hopkins
& Pat Mc Adory

Allegro Moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegro Moderato'. The score includes a piano introduction, two vocal parts (1. and 2.), and piano accompaniment. Chords are indicated by letters (D, A7, E7) above the staff. The lyrics are as follows:

1. When a rail - road man is hap - py
 2. When a rail - road man is hap - py

When a rail - road - man is gay Then the
 When a rail - road - man is glad Then the

whis - tie seems to hol - ler And the bell seems to
 wheels they sing out Who - pee There's noth - ing can

E7 A7 D

yell hur - ray When a rail - road man is
make me sad When a rail - road man starts

A7 A7 D

lone some With that low down feel - ing too
dream - ing Of the moon and stars a - bove

D A7 D B7

Then the wheels roll a - long And hum a lone - some
When the whis - tle says Wo o o o Then it means, I love

A7 D A7 D

sing When a rail - road man is blue.
you. When a rail - road man's in love.

K7 A7 D

yell make hur - ray When a rail - road man is
make me sad When a rail - road man starts

A7 A7 D

lone some With that low down feel - ing too
dream - ing Of the moon and stars a - bove

D A7 D B7

Then the wheels roll a - long And hum a lone - some
When the whis - tle says Wo o o o Then it means, I love

A7 D A7 D

sing When a rail - road man is blue.
you When a rail - road man's in love.

Old Pacer

Arr. by
Nick Manoloff

By Doc Hopkins
& Pat Mc Adory

Moderato

1. See that old brown pac - er a - com - ing down the road
 2. See that pick - a - nin - ny, sleep - ing in the field
 3. See my Un - cle Ab - ner, he'll tell you ev - ery time

Well that old pac - er he was mine _____ I
 Hound dog a sit - ting by his side _____
 Nine - ty nine years he been a live. _____

beat him and I whipped him, but I could - nt make him trot.
 Should he pick - in' cot - ton, 'stead of lay - in' there.
 Don't you ne'er be - lieve him, he don't know it all.

Man he was a pac - ing all the time.
 Mas - sa come a - long and tan his hide.
 Cause he ne'er learn to count no more than five.

CHO. G

Pace a - long

pac - er Pace a - long the road Nev - er pay no attention to my

G D Bm E7

song _____ Keep on the right while the sun is shin - ing

A7 D G

bright Just pace a long pac - er, pace, a - long.

D A7 D

He Never Cares to Wander From His Own Fireside

Art. by
Nick Manoloff

By Filex Mc Glennon

c Andante Mod^{to}

1. Var-ious men have var-ious na-tures, Some pre-fer to cross the wave, O'er the world they like to trav-el
2. How his face with joy is beam-ing, When the world-ly toll is o'er, As with ea-ger step he hast-ens,
3. There's a wife to fond-ly greet him, With the love light in her eyes, There're the chil-dren 'round their dad-dy,

For fresh scenes they seem to crave, To their birth place some cling fond-ly And their hearts are in one spot,
To his hum-ble cot-tage door, Lit-tle chil-dren run to meet him, Plead-ing for a fond ca-ress,
Home to him is par-a-dise! Ba-by's arms are round him cling-ing, Ba-by's lips to his are pressed,

CHORUS
See the man whose home is E-den, Hap-py in his hum-ble cot!
Their a-mongst his well be-lov'd ones, He can find true hap-pi-ness! He nev-er cares to wan-der from his
All is peace and love and comfort, In his home he finds sweet rest!

own fire side! He nev-er cares to ram-ble or to roam; — With his chil-dren on his knee, He's as

hap-py as can be, For there's no place like home, sweet home, No place like home, sweet home!

Jackson Tennessee Blues

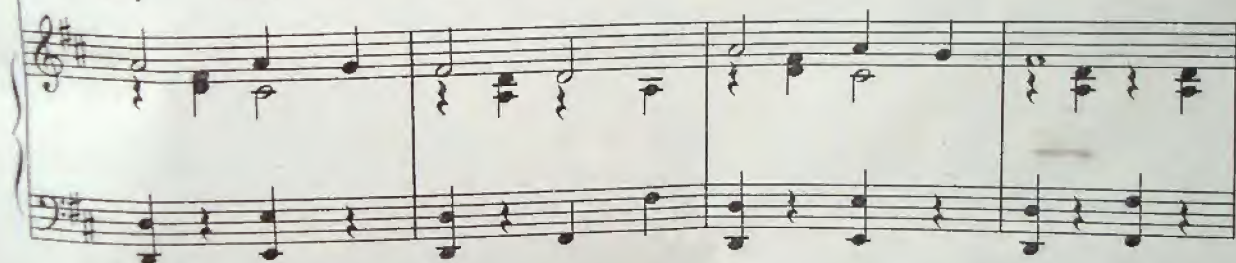
Arr. by
Nick Manoloff

By Karl & Harty
and Pat Mc Adory

Moderato



1. Way down in Jack - son Old dust - y road
 2. Way down in Jack - son When you went a - way
 3. Way down in Jack - son In old Ten - nes - see



Ten miles to Jack - son To bring in my load.
 No sun was shin - ing That dark gloom - y day.
 You know you're al - ways The one girl for me.



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Old Rags be - side me My old yel - low hound
 You said you'd miss me You nev - er did
 You're far a - way now But you have my heart

Way down in Jack - son That old hil - ly town.
 I thought we'd mar - ry That We part - ed in - stead.
 You keep it dar - ling While we stay a - part.

CHORUS

Oh my dar - ling Oh my dear one How could you treat me so

Left me bro - ken heart - ed A long time a - go Oh my go. —

Darling Nellie Gray

61

By B. R. Handy

Andante

1. There's a low green val-ley on the old Ken-tuck-y shore. Where I've
 2. When the moon had climb'd the moun-tain, and the stars were shin-ing too, Then I'd
 3. My eyes are get-ting blind-ed and I can-not see my way, Hark! there's

while'd ma-ny hap-py hours a-way A - sit-ting and a-sing-ing by the lit-tle cõt-tage door Where
 take my dar-ling Nel-lie Gray, And wed float down the riv-er in my lit-tle red ca-noe, While my
 some-bod-y knock-ing at the door, Oh I hear the an-gels call-ing, and I see my Nel-lie Gray, Farewell

lived my dar-ling Nel-lie Gray. O my poor Nel-lie Gray, they have taken you a-way, And I'll
 ban-jo I would sweetly play. O my dar-ling Nel-lie Gray, up in heaven there they say, that they'll

nev-er see my dar-ling an-y more; I'm sit-ting by the riv-er and I'm
 nev-er take you from me an-y more; I'm a-com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, as the

weep-ing all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken-tuck-y shore
 an-gels clear the way, Fare-well in the old Ken-tuck-y shore

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Oh Wampus

By Karl & Harty

Arr. by Mort H. Glickman

1. I heard there was a wam-pus In the out-skirts of this town, I thought I'd take my
 2. His eyes were like the plan-ets His mouth was like the seas His teeth were play-ing
 3. My toes be-gan to wig-gle And then I hit my pace In thir-teen min-utes
 4. The peo-ple in this cit-y Will give a hundred dollars down To the man who'll catch that

old shot-gun And run that wam-pus down, It seem'd I never would find him But at last I did, I
 death-tunes And they ech-oed on my knees I look'd down at my feet And said, "Feet set me free In
 by the clock I was ten miles from that place Now all you folks take warning And let the loud notes ring If
 wam-pus cat, And bring him into town, But if you love your home and country Take this ad-vice from me Eat sor-

took one shot and miss'd him And the hair rose on my head.
 youth I have pro-ected you And now you must help me."
 danger comes knocking at your door Sing, you sin-ners, sing.
 ghum mo-lasses and cold corn bread And let that wam-pus be.

Oh Wam-pus please don't both-er

me Oh Wam-pus I'll be so good you see, I'll say my pray'rs, roll no bones

Op-en up my coop and let the chick-ens go home Oh Wam-pus, please don't both-er me.

Chords: F, F9, Bb, C7, C7, F, E7, F, F, F9, Bb, C7, F+, C7, F, Bb, F, CHO, G7, C7, Bb, G7, C7, F, F7, Bb, Bbm, F7, Bb, Am, C7, F.

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Arr. by
Nick Manoloff

My Blue Eyed Boy Has Done Me Wrong

63

By Karl & Harty
and Pat Mc Adordy

Moderato

1. My heart is full of sad and woe, _____ Such mis - er -
 2. The on - ly time he comes a - round, _____ Is when the oth -
 3. The great - est years in my young life _____ I gave to
 4. Last night I wan-dered thro' the town _____ My lover in
 5. I saw him meet an - oth - er girl _____ His mus - tache
 6. I used to think in oth - er days _____ That hope - less

y where e'er I go, _____ The per - se - cu - tions I've en -
 ers have turned him down _____ I wish I knew what joy might
 him in sac - ri - fice _____ He once did think me young and
 a ca - fé I found _____ He took his seat with a styl - ish
 gai - ly he did twirl _____ He put his arm a - round her
 love was only a phrase _____ But now there's sor - row in my

dared, _____ For my true love has grieved me sore. _____
 he And what the fu - ture holds for me. _____
 fair But now I'm grieved in deep des - pair. _____
 air As if to show that he was there. _____
 wail And turned and laughed in to my face. _____
 song My blue eyed boy has done me wrong. _____

That Beautiful Home

By
E. S. DEAN
H. W. ELLIOTT

Guitar Chords
Slowly

1. There's a beau-ti-ful home far o-ver the sea, There are man-sions of bliss for you and for me; Oh, that
2. In that beau-ti-ful home, a crown I shall wear, With the glo-ri-fied throng, their glo-ry to share; But the
3. In that beau-ti-ful home, dear friends I shall meet, Who are wait-ing for me, my com-ing to greet; Re-u-

beau-ti-ful home so wond-rous-ly fair, That the Sav-iour for me, has gone to pre-pare.
joys of that home can nev-er be known, Till the Sav-iour we see, up-on His white throne.
nit-ed we'll be with Je-sus our King. While the a-ges roll on, His prais-es we'll sing.

CHORUS

There's a beau-ti-ful home far o-ver the sea, There's a beau-ti-ful home,

for you and for me; And its glit-ter-ing tow'rs the

And this beau-ti-ful home some day shall be mine.

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